



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

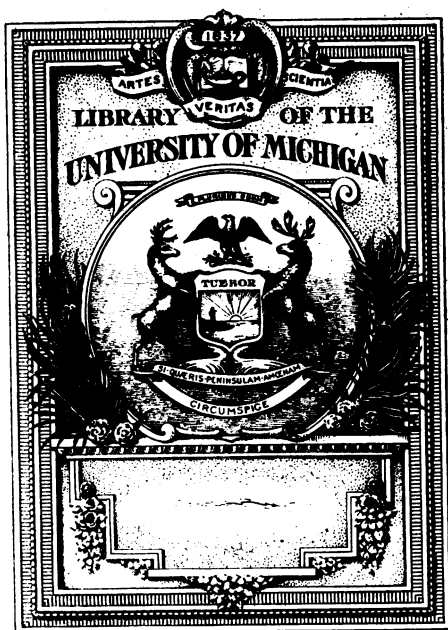
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



822.8

.553

1887-92

C



Clarendon Press Series

ENGLISH CLASSICS

P/

AS YOU LIKE IT

W. A. WRIGHT

London
HENRY FROWDE



OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS WAREHOUSE
AMEN CORNER, E.C.

Clarendon Press Series

4-25
SHAKESPEARE

10559
SELECT PLAYS

AS YOU LIKE IT

EDITED BY

WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT, M.A.

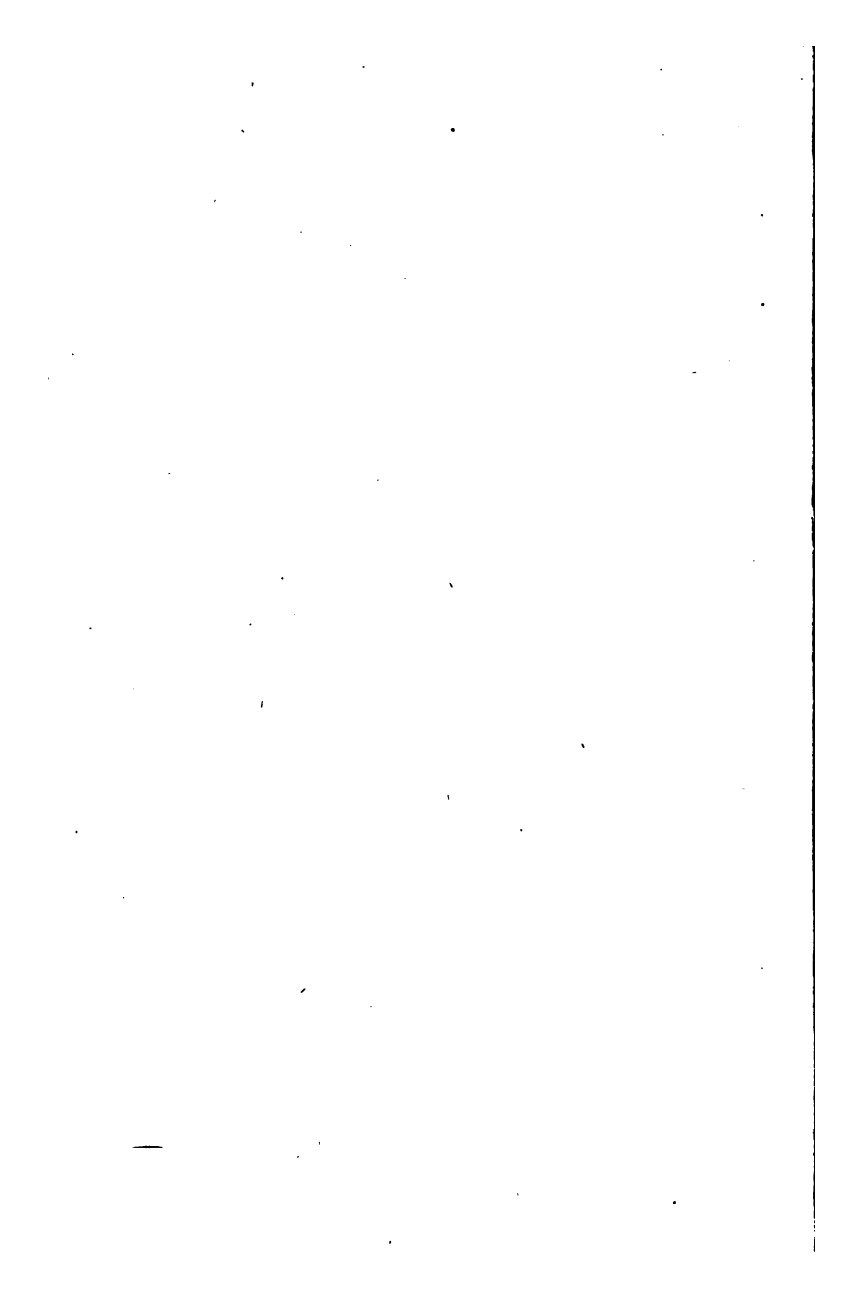
Bursar of Trinity College, Cambridge

Oxford

AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

M DCCC LXXXVII

[*All rights reserved*]



P R E F A C E.

WITH regard to the origin and date of this most delightful and popular of Shakespeare's Comedies there is but little uncertainty. The registers of the Stationers' Company contain the following entry among others which are found on two leaves at the beginning of vol. C:—

4. Augusti	
As you like yt / a booke	
Henry the fift / a booke	
Euery man in his humour / a booke	
The commedie of muche A doo about nothing	} to be staied.
a booke /	

These are all under the head of 'my lord chamberlens menns plaies.'

The year is not given, but the date of the previous entry is 27 May 1600, and that of the following 23 January 1603, and as the other plays mentioned in the entry were printed in 1600 and 1601, it may be fairly conjectured that the year to be supplied is 1600. The play was probably written in the course of the same year. It is not mentioned by Meres in the list of Shakespeare's plays which he gives in *Palladis Tamia*, and it contains a quotation (iii. 5. 80) from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, which was first published in the year 1598. Now Meres's book was entered at Stationers' Hall on the 7th of September 1598, and therefore between that date and 4 August 1600, we have to put the three plays *Henry V*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, and *As You Like It*, which are all mentioned in the memorandum made under the latter date, while apparently they were not published when Meres wrote. Again,

whereas of the other plays, *Every Man in his Humour* and *Henry V* are entered again on 14 August, and *Much Ado about Nothing* on 23 August 1600, there is no corresponding entry for *As You Like It*, which so far as is known did not appear in print till the publication of the first folio in 1623. In the case of the other three plays the difficulty which caused them to be stayed was speedily removed, and we can only conjecture that *As You Like It* was not subsequently entered because the announcement of its publication may have been premature and the play may not have been ready. Of internal evidence from the play itself there is nothing decisive. See notes on iv. 1. 134, and iii. 2. 326. There may possibly be a reference in v. 2. 63 ('By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician') to the severe statute against witchcraft which was passed in the first year of James the First's reign. Again in iv. 1. 164 ('by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous') we might imagine the Act to restrain the Abuses of Players (3 James I. chap. 21, quoted in notes to the *Merchant of Venice*, i. 2. 99) to be pointed at. But both these would give dates too late, and they may easily have been added at some subsequent representation of the play, which was mainly composed, as I think, in the year 1600, and after the other plays which are mentioned with it in the entry at Stationers' Hall. I am inclined to conjecture that the stay of publication of *As You Like It* may have been due to the fact that the play was not completed, because even in the form in which it has come down to us there are marks of hasty work, which seem to indicate that it was hurriedly finished. For instance the name of Jaques is given to the second son of Sir Rowland de Boys at the beginning of the play, and then when he really appears in the last scene he is called in the folios 'Second Brother' to avoid confounding him with the melancholy Jaques. Again, in the first Act there is a certain confusion between Celia and Rosalind which is not all due to the printer, and gives me the impression that Shakespeare himself, writing in haste, may not have clearly distinguished

between the daughter and niece of the usurping Duke. I refer especially to i. 2. 74, 75, which stands thus in the first folio:

'Clo. One that old Fredericke your Father loues.

Ros. My Fathers loue is enough to honor him,' &c.

Theobald was the first to see that the last speaker must be Celia and not Rosalind, while Capell proposed to substitute 'Ferdinand' for 'Frederick' in the Clown's speech, supposing the former to be the name of Rosalind's father. It may be said of course that this is a printer's blunder, and I cannot assert that it may not have been. But it would be too hard upon the printer to attribute to him the slip in i. 2. 255, where the first folio reads, in Le Beau's answer to Orlando's enquiry which of the two was daughter of the Duke,

'But yet indeede the taller is his daughter,'

when it is evident from the next scene that Rosalind is the taller, for she says, as a justification of her assuming male attire (i. 3. 112),

'Because that I am more than common tall.'

Again, Orlando's rapturous exclamation 'O heavenly Rosalind!' comes in rather oddly. His familiarity with her name, which has not been mentioned in his presence, is certainly not quite consistent with his making the enquiry of Le Beau which shewed that up to that time he had known nothing about her. Nor is Touchstone, the motley-minded gentleman, one that had been a courtier, whose dry humour had a piquancy even for the worn-out Jaques, at all what we are prepared to expect from the early description of him as 'the clownish fool,' or 'the roynish clown.' I scarcely know whether to attribute to the printer or to the author's rapidity of composition the substitution of 'Juno' for 'Venus' in i. 3. 72. But it must be admitted that in the last scene of all there is a good deal which, to say the least of it, is not in Shakespeare's best manner, and conveys the impression that the play was finished without much care.

The title 'As You Like It,' as well as the main incidents,

were taken from a novel by Thomas Lodge,¹ which was first printed in 1590. Another edition appeared in 1592, and from the reprint of this in Mr. Collier's Shakespeare's Library (2 vols., 1843) all the quotations in the present volume have been made. The title is, 'Rosalynde. Euphues golden Legacie, found after his death in his Cell at Silexedra. Bequeathed to Philautus Sonnes, nursed vp with their Father in England. *Fetcht from the Canaries by T. L. Gent.*' The writer who signs himself in full 'Thomas Lodge' in the Dedication of his book to Lord Hunsdon, professes to have written it to beguile the time during a voyage to 'the Ilands of Terceras and the Canaries' with Captain Clarke. In the same Dedication he calls himself a soldier and a scholar. 'To the Gentlemen Readers,' he says, 'Heere you may perhaps finde some leaves of Venus mirtle, but hewen down by a souldier with his curtlaXe, not boght with the allurement of a filed tongue. To bee briefe, gentlemen, roome for a souldier and a sailer, that gives you the fruits of his labors that he wrote in the ocean, when everie line was wet with a surge, and every humorous passion countercheckt with a storme. *If you like it, so; and yet I will bee yours in duetie, if you be mine in favour.*' It can scarcely be doubted that the words I have printed in italic suggested the title of the play, the incidents of which so closely follow the course of the novel, and therefore it is only necessary to mention Tieck's theory that it was intended as an answer on the part of Shakespeare to a piece of bombast in the Epilogue to Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*:

'I'll only speak what I have heard him say,
"By — 'tis good, and if you like't you may.'"

He further suggests that Ben Jonson as Asper in *Every Man out of his Humour*, criticises Shakespeare's comedy, and that

¹ Lodge's novel is itself to some extent taken from the Tale of Gamelyn, which is put in some editions of Chaucer in the gap left by the unfinished Cook's Tale.

the latter may have adopted the title of *As You Like It* as a kind of mocking reply. Capell argued from the use of the word 'pantaloon' which he found in *The Travels of Three English Brothers*, a piece which was printed in 1607, that this was about the date of our play. But the evidence from the Stationers' Hall Registers is conclusive against this.

I shall now give in full the chief passages from Lodge's novel, with the references to the corresponding portions of the play. These will shew that Shakespeare not only followed the plot but adopted also the phraseology of his predecessor. The story introduces us to Sir John of Bordeaux, a valiant knight of Malta, who in the prime of his youth had fought sundry battles against the Turks. On his deathbed he summoned his three sons and divided his estate between them, in a speech of great length, filled with quaintnesses and good advice.

'First, therefore, unto thee Saladyne, the eldest, and therefore the chiefest pillar of myhouse, wherein should bee ingraved as wel the excellency of thy fathers qualities, as the essentiall fortune of his proportion, to thee I give foureteene ploughlands, with all my mannor houses and richest plate. Next, unto Fernandine I bequeath twelve ploughlands. But, unto Rosader, the youngest, I give my horse, my armour, and my launce with sixteene ploughlands; for if the inwarde thoughts be discovered by outward shadows, Rosader wil exceed you all in bountie and honour.' Saladyne, Fernandine, and Rosader, are the Oliver, Jaques, and Orlando of the play, and Sir John Bordeaux becomes Sir Rowland de Boys. After the old knight's death, Saladyne, in a lengthy soliloquy, considers with himself how he may lay hands on the portions of his brothers, who are both under age. His father's last wishes being only verbal and not expressed in writing were to be disregarded, and he then proposes to deal with his brothers, beginning with the younger. In this way we are introduced to the state of things revealed by Orlando in the opening scene.

Act I, Scene 1. 'Let him know litle, so shall he not be

able to execute much: suppress his wittes with a base estate, and though hee be a gentleman by nature, yet forme him anew, and make him a peasant by nourture. So shalt thou keepe him as a slave, and raigne thy selfe sole Lord over all thy fathers possessions. As for Fernandyne, thy middle brother, he is a scholler and hath no minde but on Aristotle: let him reade on Galen while thou riflest with golde, and pore on his booke til thou doest purchase landes: witte is great wealth; if he have learning it is enough, and so let all rest.

'In this humour was Saladyne, making his brother Rosader his foote boy for the space of two or three yeares, keeping him in such servile subjection, as if he had been the sonne of any country vassal. The young gentleman bare all with patience, til on a day, walking in the garden by himselfe, he began to consider how he was the sonne of John of Bourdeaux, a knight renowned¹ for many victories, and a gentleman famozed for his vertues; how, contrarie to the testament of his father, hee was not only kept from his land and intreated as a servant, but smothered in such secret slavery, as hee might not attaine to any honourable actions. As, quoth hee to himselfe (nature woorking these effectuell passions) why should I that am a gentleman borne, passe my time in such unnatural drudgery? were it not better either in Paris to become a scholler, or in the court a courtier, or in the field a souldier, then to live a foote boy to my own brother? nature hath lent me wit to conceive but my brother denied mee art to contemplate: I have strength to performe any honorable exployt, but no libertie to accomplish my vertuous indevours: those good partes that God hath bestowed upon mee, the envy of my brother doth smother in obscuritie; the harder is my fortune, and the more his frowardnes. With that casting up his hand he felt haire on his face,² and perceiving his beard to bud for choler hee

¹ So the reprint; ? *renowned*.

² See Gamelyn, 82:

'Gamelyn stood on a day in his brotheres yerde,
And bygan with his hond to handlen his berde.'

began to blush, and swore to himselfe he would be no more subject to such slaverie. As he was thus ruminating of his melancholie passions in came Saladyne with his men, and seeing his brother in a browne study, and to forget his wonted reverence, thought to shake him out of his dumps thus. Sirha (quoth he) what is your heart on your halfepeny, or are you saying a dirge for your fathers soul? what, is my dinner readie?¹ At this question Rosader, turning his head ascance, and bending his browes as if anger there had ploughed the furrowes of her wrath, with his eyes full of fire, hee made this replie. Doest thou aske mee (Saladyne) for thy cates? aske some of thy churles who are fit for suche an office: I am thine equal by nature, though not by birth, and though thou hast more cardes in the bunch, I have as many trumpes in my handes as thy selfe. Let me question with thee, why thou hast feld my woods, spoyled my manner houses, and made havocke of suche utensalles as my father bequeathed unto mee? I tell thee, Saladyne, either answere mee as a brother, or I wil trouble thee as an enemye.

‘At this replie of Rosaders Saladyne smiled, as laughing at his presumption, and frowned as checking his folly: he therefore tooke him vp thus shortly: What, sirha, wel I see early pricks the tree that wil proove a thorne: hath my familiar conversing with you made you coy, or my good lookes drawne you to be thus contemptuous? I can quickly remedie such a fault, and I wil bend the tree while it is a wand. In faith (sir boy) I have a snaffle for such a headstrong colt. You, sirs, lap² holde on him and binde him, and then I wil give him a cooling carde for his choller. This made Rosader halfe mad, that stepping to a great rake that stood in the garden, hee laide such loades upon his brothers men that hee hurt some of them, and made the rest of them run away. Saladyne

¹ Gamelyn, 90:

‘Afterward cam his brother walkynge thare,
And seyde to Gamelyn, “Is our mete yare?”’

² lay, ed. 1598.

seeing Rosader so resolute, and with his resolution so valiant, thought his heeles his best safetie, and tooke him to a loaft adjoining to the garden, whether Rosader pursued him hotlie.'

This scene is closely copied from Gamelyn, except that the weapon in the latter is a pestle and not a rake. The brothers are at length apparently reconciled, but Saladyne was only biding his time.

'Thus continued the pad hidden in the strawe, til it chaunced that Torismond, king of France, had appointed for his pleasure a day of wrastling and of tournament to busie his commons heades, least, being idle, their thoughts should runne uppon more serious matters, and call to remembrance their old banished king. A champion there was to stand against all commers, a Norman, a man of tall stature and of great strength: so valiant, that in many such conflicts he alwaies bare away the victorie, not onely overthrowing them which hee incountred, but often with the weight of his bodie killing them outright. Saladyne hearing of this, thinking now not to let the ball fal to the ground, but to take opportunitie by the forehead, first by secret meanes convented with the Norman, and procured him with rich rewards to sweare, that if Rosader came within his clawes hee would never more returne to quarrel with Saladyne for his possessions. The Norman desirous of pelfe, as (*quis nisi mentis inops oblatum respuit aurum*) taking great gifts for litle gods, tooke the crownes of Saladyne to performe the stratagem. Having thus the champion tied to his vilanous determination by oath, hee prosecuted the intent of his purpose thus:—He went to yong Rosader (who in all his thoughts reacht at honour, and gazed no lower then vertue commanded him), and began to tel him of this tournament and wrastling, how the king should bee there, and all the chiefe peeres of France, with all the beautiful damosels of the countrey. Now, brother (quoth hee) for the honor of Sir John of Bourdeaux, our renowned father, to famous that house that never hath bin found without men approoved in chivalrie, shewe thy resolution to be peremptorie. For my-

selfe thou knowest, though I am eldest by birth, yet never having attempted any deedes of armes, I am yongest¹ to performe any martial exploytes, knowing better how to survey my lands then to charge my launce: my brother Fernandyne hee is at Paris poring on a few papers, having more insight into sophistrie and principles of philosophie, then anie warlyke indeveurs; but thou, Rosader, the youngest in yeares but the eldest in valour, art a man of strength, and darest doo what honour allowes thee. Take thou my fathers launce, his sword, and his horse, and hie thee to the tournament, and either there valiantly cracke a speare, or trie with the Norman for the palme of activitie.'

Rosader eagerly avails himself of his brother's offer, and thought every mile ten leagues till he came to the place appointed.

Act I, Scene 2. 'But leaving him so desirous of the journey, to Torismond, the king of France, who having by force banished Gerismond, their lawful king that lived as an outlaw in the forest of Arden, sought now by all meanes to keep the French busied with all sports that might breed their content. Amongst the rest he had appointed this solemne turnament, wherunto hee in most solemne maner resorted, accompanied with the twelve peers of France, who, rather for fear than love, graced him with the shew of their dutiful favours. To feede their eyes, and to make the beholders pleased with the sight of most rare and glistring objects, he had appoynted his owne daughter Alinda to be there, and the fair Rosalynd, daughter unto Gerismond, with al the beautifull dammoselles that were famous for their features in all France.'

Shakespeare has added a touch of his own in making the rightful and usurping dukes brothers, as in *The Tempest*. The novel, after describing the beauties of Rosalynd, proceeds with the account of the wrestling.

¹ Compare i. 1. 48.

'At last when the tournament ceased, the wrastling beganne, and the Norman presented himselfe as a chalenger against all commers, but hee looked lyke Hercules when he advaunst himselfe agaynst Acheloüs, so that the furie of his countenance amazed all that durst attempte to incounter with him in any deed of activitie: til at last a lustie Francklin of the country came with two tall men, that were his sonnes, of good lyniaments and comely personage: the eldest of these dooing his obeysance to the king entered the lyst, and presented himselfe to the Norman, who straight coapt with him, and as a man that would triumph in the glorie of his strength, roused himselfe with such furie, that not onely hee gave him the fall, but killed him with the weight of his corpulent personage; which the yoonger brother seeing, lepte presently into the place, and thirstie after the revenge, assayled the Norman with such valour, that at the first incounter hee brought him to his knees: which repulst so the Norman, that recovering himselfe, feare of disgrace doubling his strength, hee stept so stearnely to the yoong Francklin, that taking him up in his armes hee threw him against the grounde so violently, that hee broake his necke, and so ended his dayes with his brother.'

Shakespeare deviates slightly from the story in giving the old man three sons, who are grievously hurt but not killed outright. In the novel the father exhibits the most stoical fortitude; but Shakespeare, following nature, and in this agreeing with the Tale of Gamelyn, describes the 'pitiful dole' the old man made which moved the tears of the beholders. When Gamelyn reaches the spot where the wrestling was, he lighted off his horse,

'And ther he herd a frankeleyn wayloway syng,
And bigan bitterly his hondes for to wryng.'

I prefer to consider this a coincidence rather than an instance in which Shakespeare has deserted the novel to follow the metrical tale. The latter was not printed in his time, though of course he may have seen it in manuscript or the story may have been dramatised elsewhere. There is not, however, suffi-

cient evidence to shew that Shakespeare was indebted to any other original than the novel. But to proceed with the narrative. Rosader offers to avenge the fate of the franklin's sons.

'With that Rosader vailed bonnet to the king, and lightly leapt within the lists, where noting more the companie then the combatant, he cast his eye upon the troupe of ladies that glistered there lyke the starres of heaven; but at last Love willing to make him as amorous as hee was valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalynd, whose admirable beautie so inuegled the eye of Rosader, that forgetting himselfe, hee stood and fedde his lookes on the favour of Rosalyndes face; which shee perceiving, blusht, which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellence, that the bashful redde of Aurora at the sight of unacquainted Phaeton, was not halfe so glorious.

'The Normane seeing this young gentleman fettered in the lookes of the ladyes drave him out of his memento with a shake by the shoulder. Rosader looking backe with an angrie frowne, as if hee had been wakened from some pleasant dreame, discovered to all by the furye of his countenance that hee was a man of some high thoughts: but when they all noted his youth, and the sweetnesse of his visage, with a general applause of favours, they grieved that so goodly a yong man should venture in so base an action; but seeing it were to his dishonour to hinder him from his enterprise, they wisht him to bee graced with the palme of victorie. After Rosader was thus called out of his memento by the Norman, he roughly clapt to him with so fierce an incounter, that they both fel to the ground, and with the violence of the fall were forced to breathe: in which space the Norman called to minde by all tokens, that this was hee whome Saladyne had appoynted him to kil; which conjecture made him stretch every limbe, and try every sinew, that working his death hee might recover the golde which so bountifully was promised him. On the contrary part, Rosader while he breathed was not idle, but stil cast his eye upon Rosalynde, who to encourage him with a favour, lent him such an amorous looke, as might have

made the most coward desperate: which glance of Rosalynd so fiered the passionate desires of Rosader, that turning to the Norman hee ranne upon him and braved him with a strong encounter. The Norman received him as valiantly, that there was a sore combat, hard to judge on whose side fortune would be prodigal. At last Rosader, calling to minde the beautie of his new mistresse, the fame of his fathers honours, and the disgrace that should fal to his house by his misfortune, rowsed himselfe and threw the Norman against the ground, falling uppon his chest with so willing a weight, that the Norman yelded nature her due, and Rosader the victorie.'

The play from this point differs considerably from the novel, not so much in the action itself as in the motives for it. For instance, in the play the duke's animosity is kindled against Orlando when he finds that he is the son of Sir Rowland de Boys;

'I would thou hadst been son to some man else.'

Whereas in the novel, after the wrestling it is said, 'but when they knew him to bee the yoongest sonne of Sir John of Bourdeaux, the king rose from his seat and imbraced him, and the peerres intreated him with all favourable curtesie.' Again, Rosalynd in the novel, though she ends by being in love with Rosader, begins by flirting with him: 'she accounted love a toye, and fancie a momentary passion, that as it was taken in with a gaze, might be shaken off with a winke, and therefore feared not to dally in the flame; and to make Rosader know she affected him, tooke from her necke a jewel, and sent it by a page to the yong gentleman,' who sends her a sonnet in return. Rosader, like Gamelyn, takes to the forest solely on account of the quarrel with his brother. 'On his return from the wrestling in triumph he finds his brother's gate shut against him, and the only servant who took his part was 'one Adam Spencer, an English man, who had beene an old and trustie servant to Sir John of Bourdeaux.' All this is from the Tale of Gamelyn, which the novel closely follows up to the point when 'Rosader and Adam, knowing full well the secret waies

that led through the vineyards, stole away privily through the province of Bourdeaux, and escaped safe to the forrest of Arden.' Gamelyn after escaping to the forest, becomes an outlaw, like Robin Hood, while the fortunes of Rosader have some resemblance to those of Orlando.

Act I, Scene 3. Rosalind's banishment, which in Shakespeare is due to the hasty humour of a capricious man, is in the novel attributed to the jealousy of Torismond that she might marry one of the peers of France, who in her right would attempt the kingdom. 'To prevent therefore had I wist in all these actions, shee tarryes not about the court, but shall (as an exile) eyther wander to her father, or else seeke other fortunes. In this humour, with a sterne countenance ful of wrath, he breathed out this censure unto her before the peers, that charged her that that night shee were not seene about the court: for (quoth he) I have heard of thy aspiring speeches, and intended treasons. This doome was strange unto Rosalynd, and presently covred with the shield of her innocence, she boldly brake out in reverent tearms to have cleared herself; but Torismond would admit of no reason, nor durst his lords plead for Rosalynd, although her beauty had made some of them passionate, seeing the figure of wrath pourtrayed in his brow. Standing thus all mute, and Rosalynd amazed, Alinda, who loved her more than herself, with grief in her hart and teares in her eyes, falling down on her knees, began to intreat her father thus.' Then follows 'Alindas Oration to her father in defence of Rosalynde,' which has little in common with Celia's; and here again Shakespeare adds a touch of his own, for the result of Alinda's speech is not only that the sentence against Rosalynd is confirmed, but that Alinda is included in it. The incident of the stealthy flight of the two cousins which supplies a motive for the banishment of Oliver is the invention of the dramatist, and he was enabled in this way to bring in his own creation, Touchstone, for whom, as for the other two original characters in the play, Jaques and Audrey, the story serves as a framework. After the

sentence of banishment had been pronounced, Alinda endeavours to cheer the spirits of Rosalynd, and the story proceeds :

‘At this Rosalynd began to comfort her, and after shee had wept a fewe kinde teares in the bosome of her Alinda, shee gave her heartie thanks, and then they sat them downe to consult how they should travel. Alinda grieved at nothing but that they might have no man in their company, saying, it would bee their greatest prejudice in that two women went wandring without either guide or attendant. Tush (quoth Rosalynd) art thou a woman, and hast not a sodeine shift to prevent a misfortune? I (thou seest) am of a tall stature, and would very wel become the person and apparel of a page : thou shalt bee my mistresse, and I wil play the man so properly, that (trust me) in what company so ever I come I wil not be discovered. I will buy me a suite, and have my rapier very handsomly at my side, and if any knave offer wrong, your page wil shew him the poynt of his weapon. At this Alinda smiled, and upon this they agreed, and presently gathered up al their jewels, which they trussed up in a casket, and Rosalynd in all hast provided her of robes ; and Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalynd Ganimede, they traveled along the vineyardes, and by many by-waies, at last got to the forrest side, where they traveled by the space of two or three dayes without seeing anye creature, being often in danger of wilde beasts, and payned with many passionate sorrowes.’

They found, as in the play, verses written on the trees, but they were the verses of Montanus, the Silvius of Shakespeare ; and in the course of their journey they came upon a place where two flocks of sheep did feed.

Act II, Scene 4. ‘Then, looking about, they might perceive where an old shepheard sate (and with him a yong swaine) under a covert most pleasantly scituated.’ These were Coridon and Montanus, ‘a young man and an old in solemn talk,’ which the travellers overheard. When it was over, ‘Aliena stept with Ganimed: from behind the thicket ; at whose so-dayne sight the shepheards arose, and Aliena saluted them thus :

Shepheards, all haile (for such wee deeme you by your flockes), and lovers, good lucke, (for such you seeme by your passions) our eyes being witnesse of the one, and our eares of the other. Although not by love, yet by fortune, I am a distressed gentlewoman, as sorrowfull as you are passionate, and as full of woes as you of perplexed thoughts. Wandring this way in a forrest unknown, onely I and my page, wearied with travel, would faine have some place of rest. May you appoint us any place of quiet harbour (bee it never so meane) I shall bee thankfull to you, contented in my selfe, and gratefull to whosoever shall be mine host. Coridon, hearing the gentlewoman speake so courteously, returned her mildly and reverently this answer.

‘Fairst mistresse, wee retorne you as hearty a welcome as you gave us a courteous salute. A shepheard I am, and this a lover, as watchful to please his wench as to feed his sheep: full of fancies, and therefore, say I, full of follyes. Exhort him I may, but perswade him I cannot; for love admits neither of counsaile nor reason. But leaving him to his passions, if you be distrest, I am sorrowfull such a faire creature is crost with calamitie: pray for you I may, but relevee you I cannot. Marry, if you want lodging, if you vouch to shrowd your selves in a shepheards cottage, my house for this night shall be your harbour. Aliena thankt Coridon greatly, and presently sate her downe and Ganymede by hir, Coridon looking earnestly upon her, and with a curious survey viewing all her perfections applauded (in his thought) her excellence, and pitying her distresse was desirous to heare the cause of her misfortunes, began to question her thus.

‘If I should not (faire Damosell) occasionate offence, or renew your griefs by rubbing the scar, I would faine crave so much favour as to know the cause of your misfortunes, and why, and whither you wander with your page in so dangerous forest? Aliena (that was as courteous as she was fayre) made this replie. Shepheard, a friendly demaund ought never to be offensive, and questions of curtesie carry priviledged

pardons in their forehead. Know, therefore, to discover my fortunes were to renew my sorrowes, and I should, by discouraging my mishaps, but rake fire out of the cynders. Therefore let this suffice, gentle shepheard: my distress is as great as my travaile is dangerous, and I wander in this forrest to light on some cotage where I and my page may dwell: for I meane to buy some farme, and a flocke of sheepe, and so become a shepheardesse, meaning to live low, and content mee with a country life; for I have heard the swaines saye, that they drunke without suspicion, and slept without care. Marry, mistress, quoth Coridon, if you meane so you came in good time, for my landlord intends to sell both the farme I tyll, and the flocke I keepe, and cheape you may have them for ready money: and for a shepheards life (oh mistres) did you but live a while in their content, you would say the court were rather a place of sorrow then of solace. Here, mistresse, shal not fortune thwart you, but in mean misfortunes, as the losse of a few sheepe, which, as it breedes no beggery, so it can bee no extreame prejudice: the next yeare may mend all with a fresh increase. Envy stirres not us, we covet not to climbe, our desires mount not above our degrees, nor our thoughts above our fortunes. Care cannot harbour in our cottages, nor doe our homely couches know broken slumbers: as wee exceed not ill [? in] dyet, so we have inough to satisfie: and, mistresse, I have so much Latin, *satis est quod sufficit*.

‘By my trueth, shepheard (quoth Aliena) thou makest mee in love with your countrey life, and therfore send for thy landlord, and I will buy thy farme and thy flocks, and thou shalt still under me bee overseer of them both: onely for pleasure sake I and my page will serve you, lead the flocks to the field, and folde them. Thus will I live quiet, unknowne, and contented. This newes so gladded the hart of Coridon, that he should not be put out of his farme, that putting off his shepheards bonnet, he did hir all the reverence that he might. But all this while sate Montanus in a muse, thinking of the crueltie of his Phœbe, whom he wooed long, but was in no

hope to win. Ganimede, who stil had the remembrance of Rosader in his thoughtes, tooke delight to see the poore shepheard passionate, laughing at love, that in all his actions was so imperious. At last, when she had noted his teares that stole down his cheekes, and his sighes that broke from the center of his heart, pittying his lament, she demaunded of Coridon why the yong shepheard looked so sorrowfull? Ah sir (quoth he) the boy is in love.'

After listening to an amorous sonnet from Montanus, Aliena and Ganimede accompanied Coridon to his cottage,

'Where Montanus parted from them, and they went in to rest. Aliena and Ganimede glad of so contented a shelter, made merry with the poore swaine; and though they had but countrey fare and course lodging, yet their welcome was so greate, and their cares so little, that they counted their diet delicate, and slept as soundly as if they had beene in the court of Torismond. The next morne they lay long in bed, as wearyed with the toyle of unaccustomed travaile; but assoone as they got up, Aliena resolved there to set up her rest, and by the helpe of Coridon swapt a bargain with his landslord, and so became mistres of the farme and the flocke, her selfe putting on the attyre of a shepherdesse, and Ganimede of a yong swaine: everye day leading forth her flockes, with such delight, that she held her exile happy, and thoght no content to the blisse of a countrey cottage.'

The narrative now goes back to the fortunes of Rosader, who like Orlando is driven from home by the harshness and jealousy of his brother, but the story at this point has nothing in common with the play, except that Rosader takes with him his father's servant old Adam Spencer and makes for the forest of Arden.

Act II, Scene 6. 'But Rosader and Adam, knowing full well the secret waies that led through the vineyards, stole away privily through the province of Bourdeaux, and escaped safe to the forrest of Arden. Being come thether, they were glad they had so good a harbor: but fortune (who is like the

camelion) variable with every object, and constant in nothing but inconstancie, thought to make them myrrours of her mutabilitie, and therefore still crost them thus contrarily. Thinking still to passe on by the bywaies to get to Lions, they chanced on a path that led into the thicke of the forrest, where they wandred five or sixe dayes without meate, that they were almost famished, finding neither shepheard nor cottage to relieve them; and hunger growing on so extreame, Adam Spencer, (being olde) began to faint, and sitting him downe on a hill, and looking about him, espied where Rosader laye as feeble and as ill perplexed: which sight made him shedde teares, and to fall into these bitter tearmes.'

He then rails on fortune in good set terms with many quaint conceits, and finally proposes to take his own life in order to diminish the misfortunes of Rosader. What follows is instructive as showing a contrast to Shakespeare's tender treatment of the same scene.

'As he was readie to go forward in his passion, he looked earnestly on Rosader, and seeing him chaunge colour, hee rose up and went to him, and holding his temples, said, What cheere, maister? though all faile, let not the heart faint: the courage of a man is shewed in the resolution of his death. At these wordes Rosader lifted up his eye, and looking on Adam Spencer, began to weep. Ah, Adam, quoth he, I sorrow not to dye, but I grieve at the maner of my death. Might I with my launce encounter the enemy, and so die in the field, it were honour, and content: might I (Adam) combate with some wilde beast, and perish as his praie, I were satisfied; but to die with hunger, O, Adam, it is the extreamest of all extreames! Maister (quoth he) you see we are both in one predicament, and long I cannot live without meate; seeing therefore we can finde no foode, let the death of the one preserve the life of the other. I am old, and overworne with age, you are yong, and are the hope of many honours: let me then dye, I will presently cut my veynes, and, maister, with the warme blood relieve your fainting spirites: sucke on that till

I ende, and you be comforted. With that Adam Spencer was ready to pull out his knife, when Rosader full of courage (though verie faint) rose up, and wisht A. Spencer to sit there til his returne; for my mind gives me, quoth he, I shall bring thee meate. With that, like a mad-man, he rose up, and raunged up and downe the woods, seeking to encounter some wilde beast with his rapier, that either he might carry his friend Adam food, or else pledge his life in pawn for his loyaltie.

Act II, Scene 7. 'It chaunced that day, that Gerismond, the lawfull king of France banished by Torismond, who with a lustie crue of outlawes lived in that forest, that day in honour of his birth made a feast to all his bolde yeomen, and frolickt it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table under the shadow of lymon trees. To that place by chance fortune conducted Rosader, who seeing such a crue of brave men, having store of that for want of which hee and Adam perished, hee stept boldly to the boords end, and saluted the company thus:—

'Whatsoever thou be that art maister of these lustie squiers, I salute thee as graciously as a man in extreame distresse may: know, that I and a fellow friend of mine are here famished in the forrest for want of food: perish wee must, unlesse relieved by thy favours. Therefore, if thou be a gentleman, give meate to men, and to such as are everie way worthie of life. Let the proudest squire that sits at thy table rise and incounter with mee in any honorable point of activitie whatsoever, and if hee and thou proove me not a man, send me away comfortlesse. If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will have amongst you with my sword; for rather wil I dye valiantly, then perish with so cowardly an extreame. Gerismond, looking him earnestly in the face, and seeing so proper a gentleman in so bitter a passion, was mooved with so great pitie, that rising from the table, he tooke him by the hand and badde him welcome, willing him to sit downe in his place, and in his roome not onely to eat his fill, but [be] the lord of the feast. Gramercy, sir

(quoth Rosader) but I have a feeble friend that lyes hereby famished almost for food, aged and therefore lesse able to abide the extremitie of hunger then my selfe, and dishonour it were for me to taste one crumme, before I made him partner of my fortunes: therefore I will runne and fetch him, and then I will gratefully accept of your proffer. Away hies Rosader to Adam Spencer, and tels him the newes, who was glad of so happie fortune, but so feeble he was that he could not go; wherupon Rosader got him up on his backe, and brought him to the place. Which when Gerismond and his men saw, they greatly applauded their league of friendship; and Rosader, having Gerismonds place assigned him, would not sit there himselfe, but set downe Adam Spencer.'

In the conversation that follows Rosader and Gerismond make themselves known to each other, and the latter hears of his daughter's banishment.

Act III, Scene 1. 'The flight of Rosader came to the eares of Torismond, who hearing that Saladyne was sole heire of the landes of Sir John of Bourdeaux, desirous to possesse suche faire revenewes, found just occasion to quarrell with Saladyne about the wrongs he proffered to his brother; and therefore, dispatching a herehault, he sent for Saladyne in all poast haste. Who marveiling what the matter should be, began to examine his owne conscience, wherein hee had offended his highnesse; but imboldened with his innocence, he boldly went with the herehault unto the court; where, assoone as hee came, hee was not admitted into the presence of the king, but presently sent to prison.'

Here he indulges in a remorseful soliloquy on the wrongs he had done to Rosader.

'In the depth of his passion, hee was sent for to the king, who with a looke that threatened death entertained him, and demaunded of him where his brother was? Saladyne made answer, that upon some ryot made against the sheriffe of the shire, he was fled from Bourdeaux, but he knew not whither. Nay, villaine (quoth he) I have heard of the wronges thou

hast proffered thy brother, since the death of thy father, and by thy means have I lost a most brave and resolute chevalier. Therefore, in justice to punish thee, I spare thy life for thy fathers sake, but banish thee for ever from the court and countrey of France; and see thy departure be within tenne dayes, els trust me thou shalt loose thy head. And with that the king flew away in a rage, and left poore Saladyne greatly perplexed; who grieving at his exile, yet determined to bear it with patience, and in penance of his former follies to travaile abroad in every coast till he had found out his brother Rosader.'

Act III, Scene 2. Rosader wanders through the forest carving the praises of his mistress upon the trees, and meets with the disguised Ganimede and Aliena. On one of these occasions, 'Ganimede, pittying her Rosader, thinking to drive him out of his amorous melancholy, said, that now the sunne was in his meridianall heat, and that it was high noone, therefore wee shepherds say, tis time to go to dinner; for the sunne and our stomackes are shepherds dials. Therefore, forrester, if thou wilt take such fare as comes out of our homely scrips, welcome shall answere whatsoever thou wantest in delicates. Aliena tooke the entertainment by the ende, and tolde Rosader hee should bee her guest. He thankt them heartily, and sat with them downe to dinner, where they had such cates as countrey state did allow them, sawst with such content, and such sweete prattle, as it seemed farre more sweet than all their courtly junkets. Assoone as they had taken their repast, Rosader, giving them thanks for his good cheare, would have been gone; but Ganimede, that was loath to let him passe out of her presence, began thus: Nay, forrester, quoth she, if thy busines be not the greater, seeing thou saist thou art so deeply in love, let me see how thou canst wooe: I will represent Rosalynde, and thou shalt bee as thou art, Rosader. See in some amorous eglogue, how if Rosalynd were present, how thou couldst court her; and while we sing of love, Aliena shall tune her pipe and plaie us melodie.'

Then follows 'the wooing eglogue' which is somewhat tedious and certainly supplied Shakespeare with no hint. But in the novel as in the play (Act IV, Scene 1) there is the mock wedding, in which Aliena plays the priest. 'And thereupon (quoth Aliena) Ile play the priest: from this daye forth Ganimede shall call thee husband, and thou shalt cal Ganimede wife, and so wee le have a marriage.' Here, as elsewhere in the story, it is worth while observing that Aliena takes the lead, which is in keeping with her position with regard to Rosalynd who acts as her page. Shakespeare, by making them pass as brother and sister, gives the greater prominence to Rosalind, whose character throughout is the stronger.

Act IV, Scene 3. 'All this while did poore Saladyne (banished from Bourdeaux and the court of France by Torismond) wander up and downe in the forrest of Arden, thinking to get to Lyons, and so travail through Germany into Italie: but the forrest beeing full of by pathes, and he unskilfull of the country coast, slipt out of the way, and chaunced up into the desart, not farre from the place where Gerismond was, and his brother Rosader. Saladyne, wearie with wandring up and downe, and hungry with long fasting, finding a little cave by the side of a thicket, eating such fruite as the forest did affoord, and contenting himselfe with such drinke as nature had provided and thirst made delicate, after his repast he fell in a dead sleepe. As thus he lay, a hungry lyon came hunting downe the edge of the grove for pray, and espying Saladyne began to ceaze upon him: but seeing he lay still without any motion, he left to touch him, for that lyons hate to pray on dead carkasses; and yet desirous to have some foode, the lyon lay downe and watcht to see if he would stirre. While thus Saladyne slept secure, fortune that was careful of her champion began to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader (having stricken a deere that but slightly hurt fled through the thicket) came pacing downe by the grove with a boare-speare in his hande in great haste. He spyed where a man lay a sleepe, and a lyon fast by him: amazed at this sight, as he stode

gazing, his nose on the sodaine bledde, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his. Whereuppon drawing more nigh, he might easily discern his visage, perceived by his phisnomie that it was his brother Saladyne, which drave Rosader into a deepe passion, as a man perplexed at the sight of so unexpected a chance, marvelling what should drive his brother to traverse those secrete desarts, without any companie, in such distresse and forlorne sorte. But the present time craved no such doubting ambages, for he must eyther resolve to hazard his life for his reliefe, or else steale away, and leave him to the crueltie of the lyon.'

After much debate with himself Rosader finally resolves upon acting the nobler part.

'With that his brother began to stirre, and the lyon to rowse himselfe, whereupon Rosader sodainly charged him with the boare speare, and wounded the lion very sore at the first stroke. The beast feeling himselfe to have a mortall hurt, leapt at Rosader, and with his pawes gave him a sore pinch on the brest, that he had almost faln; yet as a man most valiant, in whom the sparks of Sir John Bourdeaux remained, he recovered himselfe, and in short combat slew the lion, who at his death roared so lowd that Saladyne awaked, and starting up, was amazed at the sudden sight of so monstrous a beast lying slaine by him, and so sweet a gentleman wounded.'

Saladyne ultimately recognizes Rosader. 'Much ado there was betweene these two brethren, Saladyne in craving pardon, and Rosader in forgiving and forgetting all former injuries; the one submisse, the other curteous; Saladyne penitent and passionate, Rosader kynd and loving, that at length nature working an union of their thoughts, they earnestly embraced, and fell from matters of unkindnesse, to talke of the country life, which Rosader so highly commended, that his brother began to have a desire to taste of that homely content. In this humor Rosader conducted him to Gerismonds lodge, and presented his brother to the king, discoursing the whole matter how all had hapned betwixt them. . . . Assoone as they had

taken their repast, and had wel dined, Rosader tooke his brother Saladyne by the hand, and shewed him the pleasures of the forrest, and what content they enjoyed in that mean estate. Thus for two or three dayes he walked up and downe with his brother to shew him all the commodities that belonged to his walke. In which time hee was mist of his Ganymede, who mused greatly (with Aliena) what should become of their forester.'

An incident in the novel, which accounts for the sudden falling in love of Saladyne and Aliena, is altogether omitted by Shakespeare. A band of robbers attempt to carry off Aliena, Rosader encounters them single-handed, but is wounded and almost overpowered, when his brother comes to the rescue. While Ganymede is dressing Rosader's wounds, Aliena and Saladyne indulge in some 'quirkes and quiddities of love,' the course of which is told with considerable detail. Aliena's secret is soon extorted from her by Ganymede.

Act III, Scene 5. 'With this Ganymede start up, made her ready, and went into the fields with Aliena, where unfolding their flockes, they sate them downe under an olive tree, both of them amorous, and yet diversely affected, Aliena joying in the excellence of Saladyne, and Ganymede sorrowing for the wounds of her Rosader; not quiet in thought till shee might heare of his health. As thus both of them sate in their dumpes, they might espie where Coridon came running towards them (almost out of breath with his hast). What newes with you (quoth Aliena) that you come in such post? Oh, mistres (quoth Coridon) you have a long time desired to see Phœbe, the faire shepherdesse whom Montanus loves; so now if you please, you and Ganymede, to walk with mee to yonder thicket, there shall you see Montanus and her sitting by a fountaine, he courting her with her countrey ditties, and she as coy as if she held love in disdaine.' Concealed in a thicket, they overhear the passionate pleadings of Montanus, and Phœbe's disdainful rejoinder:

'Wert thou (Montanus) as faire as Paris, as hardy as Hector,

as constant as Troylus, as loving as Leander, Phœbe could not love, because she cannot love at all: and therefore if thou pursue me with Phœbus I must flie with Daphne.

‘Ganimede overhearing all these passions of Montanus, could not brooke the crueltie of Phœbe, but starting from behind the bush said: And if, damzell, you fled from mee, I would transforme you as Daphne to a bay, and then in contempt trample your branches under my feet. Phœbe at this sodaine replye was amazed, especially when shee saw so faire a swaine as Ganimede; blushing therefore, she would have bene gone, but that he held her by the hand, and prosecuted his reply thus: What, shepheardesse, so faire and so cruell? Disdaine beseemes not cottages, nor coynesse maids; for either they be condemned to be too prowd, or too froward . . . Love while thou art yong, least thou be disdained when thou art olde. Beautie nor time cannot be recalde, and if thou love, like of Montanus; for if his desires arè many, so his deserts are great.

‘Phœbe all this while gazed on the perfection of Ganimede, as deeply enamored on his perfection as Montanus inveigled with hers.’

In the issue she sends a letter to Ganimede by Montanus which brings about an interview, in some respects resembling

Act V, Scene 2. ‘I am glad, quoth Ganimede, you looke into your own faults, and see where your shoo wrings you, measuring now the pains of Montanus by your owne passions. Truth, q. Phœbe, and so deeply I repent me of my frowardnesse towards the shepheard, that could I cease to love Ganimede, I would resolve to like Montanus. What if I can with reason perswade Phœbe to mislike of Ganimede, wil she then favour Montanus? When reason (quoth she) doth quench that love I owe to thee, then will I fancie him; conditionally, that if my love can bee supprest with no reason, as being without reason, Ganimede will onely wed himselfe to Phœbe. I graunt it, faire shepheardesse, quoth he; and to feed thee with the sweetnesse of hope, this resolve on: I wil never marry my selfe to woman but unto thy selfe.’

Ganimede then goes in search of Rosader, whom she finds with Saladyne and Aliena sitting in the shade and recovering from his wounds.

‘I had not gone abroad so soone, quoth Rosader, but that I am bidden to a marriage, which, on Sunday next, must bee solemnized betweene my brother and Aliena. I see well where love leads delay is loathsome, and that small wooing serves where both the parties are willing. Truth, quoth Ganimede; but a happy day should it be, if Rosader that day might be married to Rosalynd. Ah, good Ganimede (quoth he), by naming Rosalynd, renew not my sorrowes; for the thought of her perfections is the thrall of my miseries. Tush; bee of good cheare, man, quoth Ganimede: I have a friend that is deeply experienst in negromancy and magicke; what art can do shall be acted for thine advantage. I wil cause him to bring in Rosalynde, if either France or any bordring nation harbour her; and upon that take the faith of a yoong shepheard.’

Act V, Scene 4. The day arrived for the wedding of Saladyne and Aliena, and the guests where assembled, when there ‘came in Montanus, appalled all in tawny, to signifie that he was forsaken: on his head hee wore a garland of willow, his bottle hanged by his side, whereon was painted dispaire, and on his sheephooke hung two sonnets, as lables of his loves and fortunes.’ Gerismond read the sonnets and heard the story of his loyalty and Phœbe’s cruelty from Rosader. He then, ‘desirous to prosecute the ende of these passions, called in Ganimede, who knowing the case, came in graced with such a blush, as beautified the christall of his face with a ruddie brightnessse. The king noting well the phisnomy of Ganimede, began by his favours to cal to mind the face of his Rosalynd, and with that fetcht a deepe sigh. Rosader, that was passing familiar with Gerismond, demanded of him why he sighed so sore? Because, Rosader (quoth hee), the favour of Ganimede puts mee in minde of Rosalynde. At this word Rosader sight so deeply, as though his heart would have burst. And whats the matter (quoth Gerismond) that you quite mee

with such a sigh? Pardon me, sir (quoth Rosader), because I love none but Rosalynd. And upon that condition (quoth Gerismond) that Rosalynd were here, I would this day make up a marriage betwixt her and thee. At this Aliena turnd her head and smilde upon Ganimede, and shee could scarce keep countenance. Yet shee salved all with secrecie; and Gerismond, to drive away his dumpes, questioned with Ganimede, what the reason was he regarded not Phœbes love, seeing she was as faire as the wanton that brought Troy to ruine? Ganimede mildly answered, If I shuld affect the faire Phœbe, I should offer poore Montanus great wrong to winne that from him in a moment, that hee hath labored for so many monthes. Yet have I promised to the bewtiful shepheardesse to wed my selfe never to woman except unto her; but with this promise, that if I can by reason suppress Phœbes love towards me, she shall like of none but of Montanus. To that, q. Phœbe, I stand; for my love is so far beyond reason, as wil admit no persuasion of reason. For justice, q. he, I appeale to Gerismond: and to his censure wil I stand, q. Phœbe. And in your victory, q. Montanus, stands the hazard of my fortunes, for if Ganimede go away with conquest, Montanus is in conceit loves monarch: if Phœbe winne, then am I in effect most miserable. We wil see this controversie, q. Gerismond, and then we will to church: therefore, Ganimede, led us heare your argument. Nay, pardon my absence a while (quoth shee), and you shall see one in store.

‘In went Ganimede and drest her self in womans attire, having on a gowne of greene, with kirtle of rich sandall, so quaint, that she seemed Diana triumphing in the forrest: upon her head she wore a chaplet of roses, which gave her such a grace that she looked like Flora pearkt in the pride of all her floures. Thus attired came Rosalind in, and presented hir self at hir fathers feete, with her eyes full of teares, craving his blessing, and discoursing unto him all her fortunes, how shee was banished by Torismond, and how ever since she lived in that country disguised.’

The part of Hymen in the play is in the novel performed by the priest at the church, and all ends happily. In the midst of the wedding festivities, 'word was brought in to Saladyne and Rosader that a brother of theirs, one Fernandine, was arrived, and desired to speake with them.' He brings the news to Gerismond that the twelve peers of France were up in arms to recover his right, and Torismond was ready to bid them battle. Gerismond with Saladyne and Rosader joined the peers in battle. Torismond's army was put to flight and himself slain. Gerismond made Rosader his heir apparent, restored to Saladyne his father's land, and appointed Fernandine his principal secretary, Montanus lord over all the forest of Arden, Adam Spencer captain of the king's guard, and Coridon master of Alinda's flocks.

It is unnecessary to point out in detail the manner in which Shakespeare dealt with the story on which he founded his play, and which he made as it were a framework for his own creations, Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey. Enough has been given to enable the reader to do this for himself.

The character of Adam has a personal interest in connexion with Shakespeare, because an old tradition which was current in the last century attributed to the poet the performance of this part in his own play.

From Oldys's collections for a life of Shakespeare, which covered several quires of paper, Steevens extracted the following story, which must be taken for what such gossip is usually worth.

'One of Shakespeare's younger brothers, who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute, after the restoration of *K. Charles II*, would in his younger days come to London to visit his brother *Will*, as he called him, and be a spectator of him as an actor in some of his own plays. This custom, as his brother's fame enlarged, and his dramatic entertainments grew the greatest support of our principal, if not of all our theatres, he continued it seems so long after his brother's death, as even to the latter end of his own life. The curiosity

at this time of the most noted actors to learn something from him of his brother, &c., they justly held him in the highest veneration. And it may be well believed, as there was besides a kinsman and descendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor among them [*Charles Harte*; see *Shakespeare's Will*], this opportunity made them greedily inquisitive into every little circumstance, more especially in his dramatick character, which his brother could relate of him. But he, it seems, was so stricken in years, and possibly his memory so weakened with infirmities (which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects) that he could give them but little light into their enquiries; and all that could be recollected from him of his brother *Will*, in that station was, the faint, general, and almost lost ideas he had of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song.'

To the same effect Capell writes:—

'A traditional story was current some years ago about Stratford,—that a very old man of that place,—of weak intellects, but yet related to Shakespeare,—being ask'd by some of his neighbours, what he remember'd about him; answer'd,—that he saw him once brought on the stage upon another man's back; which answer was apply'd by the hearers, to his having seen him perform in this scene the part of Adam.'

This story came to Capell from Mr. Thomas Jones of Turbich (or Tarbick) (in Worcestershire), and Malone suggests that he may have heard it from Richard Quiney (died 1656, æt. 69) or Thomas Quiney, Shakespeare's son-in-law, who lived till 1663 or thereabouts, or from one of the Hathaways.

The comparison of the world to a theatre, and the division of man's life into seven ages, though best known from Shakespeare, are not of his own invention. In the old play

of Damon and Pythias (Dodsley's Old Plays, ed. Hazlitt, iv. 31) the following passage occurs:

'Pythagoras said, that this world was like a stage,
Where many play their parts: the lookers on, the sage
Philosophers are, saith he, whose part is to learn
The manners of all nations, and the good from the bad to
discern.'

Cervantes has the same comparison in Don Quixote (part ii, cap. 12).

We find in Arnold's Chronicle (ed. 1811), p. 157, quoted by Staunton:

'The vij. Ages of Mā liuing ī the World.

The furst age is infancie and lastith from y^e byrth vnto vij. yere of age. The ij. is childhod and endurith vnto xv. yere age. The iij. age is adholocencye and endurith vnto xxv. yere age. The iiij. age is youthe and endurith vnto xxxv. yere age. The v. age is manhod and endurith vnto l. yere age. The vi. age is [elde] and lasteth vnto lxx. yere age. The vij. age of mā is crepill and endurith vnto dethe.'

A good deal of the literature of this subject has been collected by Mr. Winter Jones, in an interesting paper which he published in the *Archæologia* (xxxv. 167-189) on a block print of the fifteenth century which is in the British Museum. The so-called verses of Solon, quoted by Philo, *De opificio mundi*, are there given, as well as the passage in which Philo attributes to Hippocrates the division of man's life into seven periods. In the Mishna (Aboth, V. 24) fourteen periods are given, and a poem upon the ten stages of life was written by the great Jewish commentator Ibn Ezra. The Midrash on Ecclesiastes i. 2 goes back to the seven divisions. The Jewish literature is very fully given by Löw in his treatise *Die Lebensalter in der Jüdischen Literatur*. Sir Thomas Browne devotes a chapter of his *Vulgar Errors* (iv. 12) to a consideration of the various divisions which have been proposed. Some verses of an early German poem on the ages of man's life are quoted by Mr. Winter Jones and illustrated by quaint woodcuts. The subject was one with

which Shakespeare might have become familiar from many sources, and as an instance of one of the forms in which it is emblematically treated I would refer to the pavement of the Cathedral of Siena, of which a description is given by Professor Sidney Colvin in the Fortnightly Review for July 1875 (pp. 53, 4). After describing other portions he says, 'And then, about 1473, begins a period of immense activity. One little set of emblems in the south transept, defaced but singularly beautiful, belongs to this period, and differs strangely from all the other work done in it. The seven ages of man are shewn in single white figures set in squares or diamonds of black. These ages are not divided as usual: four divisions are given to the time before manhood, as if to draw out as much as possible that season when life is life indeed. There is no mewling and puking, nor any whining schoolboy: *Infantia* is a naked child playing among flowers; *Pueritia* an Italian boy in short cloak and cap walking in the fields; the season of youth is spun out, always among flowers, through *Adolescentia* and *Juventus*; manhood is not a soldier full of strange oaths and bearded like a pard, but a studious citizen walking with open book; *Decrepitas* moves, over a land flowerless at last, on crutches to his open grave.'

I cannot conclude this Preface without especially mentioning a work which marks an era in Shakespeare literature, the Shakespeare Lexicon of Dr. Alexander Schmidt of Königsberg. My own obligations to it are too numerous to record, for I have used it constantly and always with advantage. It is a book which every real student of Shakespeare should have at hand.

W. A. WRIGHT.

TRINITY COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE,

2 October, 1876.

ADDITIONAL NOTE.

III. 2. 243. The statement that 'moe' is used *only* with the plural requires a slight modification. So far as I am aware there is but one instance in Shakespeare where it is not immediately followed by a plural, and that is in *The Tempest*, v. I. 234 (first folio), 'And mo diversitie of sounds.' But in this case also the phrase 'diversity of sounds' contains the idea of plurality.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE, living in banishment.	SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.
FREDERICK, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.	CORIN, } shepherds.
AMTENS, } lords attending on the banished	SILVIUS, }
JAQUES, } duke.	WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.
LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.	A person representing Hymen.
CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.	ROSALIND, daughter to the banished duke.
OLIVER, }	CELIA, daughter to Frederick.
JAQUES, } sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.	PHEBE, a shepherdess.
ORLANDO, }	AUDREY, a country wench.
ADAM, }	Lords, pages, and attendants, &c.
DENNIS, } servants to Oliver.	SCENE: <i>Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden.</i>
TOUCHSTONE, a clown.	

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Orchard of Oliver's house.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives

me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

22

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

32

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

46

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain? 50

Orl. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say. 59

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me. 71

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*]

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis! 80

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cba. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court? 90

Cba. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father? 98

Cba. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cba. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world. 110

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cba. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as

I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will. 123

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein and have by under-hand means laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles: it is the stubbornest young fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder. 141

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship!

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*] Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Lawn before the Duke's palace.**Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.*

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

12

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir, for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

22

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

30

Ros. I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily

misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

39

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses and hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

53

Touch. No, by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

61

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard. 72

Cel. Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him: enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau. 83

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

Enter LE BEAU.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport! of what colour? 91

Le Beau. What colour, madam! how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling. 100

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. With bills on their necks, 'Be it known unto all men by these presents.' 111

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost? 121

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it. 132

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling? 141

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you; there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so: I'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you. 150

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgement, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt. 163

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard

thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me, the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty. 176

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you?

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you! 181

Cba. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cba. No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways. 191

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [They wrestle.

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [Shout. Charles is thrown.

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed. 200

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else:
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed, 210
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick, train, and Le Beau.*]

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son; and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son, 220
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*]

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means. 230
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*]

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference. 241
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause and love,
Yet such is now the duke's condition
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous: what he is indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of. 250

Orl. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet indeed the lesser is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this duke 260
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady,
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.

[*Exit Le Beau.*

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother; 270

From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:

But heavenly Rosalind!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A room in the palace.*

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy!
not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon
curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with
reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the
one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad with-
out any.

Cel. But is all this for your father? 10

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full
of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in
holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our
very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in
my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections. 20

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than
myself!

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in
despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let
us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden,

you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father loved his father dearly. 28

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly: yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found 40
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream or be not frantic,—
As I do trust I am not—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words, 50
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
 So was I when your highness banish'd him:
 Treason is not inherited, my lord;
 Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
 What's that to me? my father was no traitor: 60
 Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
 To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
 Else had she with her father ranged along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
 It was your pleasure and your own remorse:
 I was too young that time to value her;
 But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
 Why so am I; we still have slept together,
 Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together, 70
 And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
 Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
 Her very silence and her patience
 Speak to the people, and they pity her.
 Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
 And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
 When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
 Firm and irrevocable is my doom 80
 Which I have passed upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:
 I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself:
 If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
 And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
 Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
 I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin; 90
Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No: let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out; 100
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along 110
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man? 120

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away, 130
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, and two or three Lords,
like foresters.*

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
'This is no flattery: these are counsellors 10
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything.
I would not change it.

Ami. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style. 20

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads
Have their round haunches gored.

First Lord. Indeed, my Lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along 30
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool, 40
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much': then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends, 50
'Tis right,' quoth he; 'thus misery doth part
The flux of company': anon a careless herd,

Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
 And never stays to greet him; 'Ay,' quoth Jaques,
 'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
 'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through
 The body of the country, city, court,
 Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we 60
 Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what's worse,
 To fright the animals and to kill them up
 In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

Sec. Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
 Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place:
 I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
 For then he's full of matter.

First Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *A room in the palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
 It cannot be: some villains of my court
 Are of consent and sufferance in this.

First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
 The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
 Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
 They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

Sec. Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
 Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
 Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman, 10
 Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
 Your daughter and her cousin much commend
 The parts and graces of the wrestler
 That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;

And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. 20

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Before OLIVER'S house.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What, my young master? O my gentle master!
O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny priser of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men 10
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son, I will not call him son 20
Of him I was about to call his father—
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.

I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here. 30

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse 40
When service should in my old limbs lie lame
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo 50
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion, 60
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.

But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways; we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty. 70
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter ROSALIND for GANYMEDE, CELIA for ALIENA,
and TOUCHSTONE.*

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel
and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker
vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous
to petticoat: therefore courage, good Aliena!

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear
you; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think
you have no money in your purse. 11

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when
I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must
be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her! 20

Cor. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine—
As sure I think did never man love so—
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily! 30
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[*Exit.*

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound, 41
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I
broke my sword upon a stone and bid him take that for
coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing
of her batlet and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands
had milked; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead
of her, from whom I took two cods and, giving her them
again, said with weeping tears 'Wear these for my sake.'
We that are true lovers run into strange capers: but as all
is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly. 51

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till
I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla, you clown! 60

Ros. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd
And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own, 70
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come sec, 80
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying anything.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold: 90
Go with me: if you like upon report
The soil, the profit and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *The forest.*

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more. 9

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck
melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I
prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you
to sing. Come, more; another stanza: call you 'em stanzos?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please myself. 20

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come. 33

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun [*All together here.*
 And loves to live i' the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats
 And pleased with what he gets,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither:
 Here shall he see
 No enemy 40
 But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass
 That any man turn ass,
 Leaving his wealth and ease,
 A stubborn will to please,
 Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame: 50
 Here shall he see
 Gross fools as he,
 An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that 'ducdame'?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the firstborn of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepared. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE VI. *The forest.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou lookest cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII. *The forest.*

A table set out. Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, and Lords like outlaws.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast:
For I can no where find him like a man.

First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence:
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

First Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company? 10
What, you look merrily!

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms and yet a motley fool.
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune':
And then he drew a dial from his poke, 20
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer, 30
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd 40

With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgements
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
And they that are most galled with my folly, 50
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The 'why' is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
[Not to] seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley: give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world, 60
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride, 70
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?

Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function
That says his bravery is not of my cost, 80
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of? 90

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason, I must
die. 101

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall
force

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are

That in this desert inaccessible, 110
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days, 120
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church
And sat at good men's feasts and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step 130
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first sufficed,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort!
[Exit.]

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage, 140
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,

Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
 And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard, 150
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
 In fair round belly with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide 160
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
 And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need:
 I scarce can speak to thank you for myself. 170

Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
 As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
 Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

Ami. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;

Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly: 180
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
 Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot:

Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.

Heigh-ho! sing, &c.

199

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
 As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
 And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
 Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
 Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke
 That loved your father: the residue of your fortune,
 Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
 Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
 Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
 And let me all your fortunes understand.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in the palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, and OLIVER.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
 But were I not the better part made mercy,
 I should not seek an absent argument
 Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:

Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands, 10
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never loved my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently and turn him going. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The forest.*

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree 9
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she. [Exit.

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect

it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd? 21

Cor. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd? 31

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Touch. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd. 41

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come. 51

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again.
A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd. 62

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck. 70

Touch. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, with a paper, reading.

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind. 80
All the pictures fairest lined
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind, 90
 Let him seek out Rosalind.
 If the cat will after kind,
 So be sure will Rosalind.
 Winter garments must be lined,
 So must slender Rosalind.
 They that reap must sheaf and bind;
 Then to cart with Rosalind.
 Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
 Such a nut is Rosalind.
 He that sweetest rose will find 100
 Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge. 111

Enter CELIA, with a writing.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Cel. [Reads]

Why should this a desert be?
 For it is unpeopled? No;
 Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
 That shall civil sayings show:
 Some, how brief the life of man
 Runs his erring pilgrimage,
 That the stretching of a span
 Buckles in his sum of age;

Some, of violated vows
 'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
 But upon the fairest boughs,
 Or at every sentence end,
 Will I Rosalinda write,
 Teaching all that read to know
 The quintessence of every sprite
 Heaven would in little show.
 Therefore Heaven Nature charged 130
 That one body should be fill'd
 With all graces wide-enlarged:
 Nature presently distill'd
 Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
 Cleopatra's majesty,
 Atalanta's better part,
 Sad Lucretia's modesty.
 Thus Rosalind of many parts
 By heavenly synod was devised,
 Of many faces, eyes and hearts, 140
 To have the touches dearest prized.
 Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
 And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle pulpiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, 'Have patience, good people'!

Cel. How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little. Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.*]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses? 152

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees? 160

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree. I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

Ros. I prithee, who? 169

Cel. O Lord, Lord! It is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping! 179

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard? 190

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thank-

ful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow and true maid.

Cel. I' faith; coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

200

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

211

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

220

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry 'holla' to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune. 230

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft! 'comes he not here?

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

Ros. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God be wi' you: let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers. 240

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no moe of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of? 250

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults. 261

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue.
I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure. 269

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [Exit Jaques.]

Ros. [*Aside to Celia*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well: what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o' clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest. 281

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal and who he stands still withal. 290

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin and a rich man that hath not the gout, for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury; these Time ambles withal. 302

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows, for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth? 310

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man: one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal. 323

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal: they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them. 329

Ros. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that

are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner. 341

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other. 352

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it: which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired? 360

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the

lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so? 370

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion some thing and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't. 385

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it and I'll show it you: and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth. 394

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JAUQUES behind.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. [*Aside*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house! 8

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what 'poetical' is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign. 17

Aud. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [*Aside*] A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish. 30

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! slut-tishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

Jaq. [*Aside*] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'many a man knows no end of his goods:' right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No; as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and 'by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver. 52

Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*Advancing*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her. 59

Touch. Good even, good Master What-ye-call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel and, like green timber, warp, warp. 73

Touch. [*Aside*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:

Farewell, good Master Oliver: not,— 80

O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee:

but,—

Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone and Audrey.*]

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The forest.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour. 11

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun

of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously: the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so? 20

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer, but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. 'Was' is not 'is': besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father. 30

Ros. I met the duke yesterday and had much question with him: he asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here? 40

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft enquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,

Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove: 50
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe;
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye: 10
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee: 20
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,

Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever,—as that ever may be near,—
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible 30
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou near me: and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,—
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless? 40
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain? 50
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets: 60

Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness and she'll fall
in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers
thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words.
Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you. 70

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am false than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abused in sight as he.
Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia and Corin.*]

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might, 80
'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both exterminated.

Phe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness. 90
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,

Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
 I will endure, and I'll employ thee too:
 But do not look for further recompense
 Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
 And I in such a poverty of grace,
 That I shall think it a most plenteous crop 100
 To glean the broken ears after the man
 That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
 A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
 And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
 That the old carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
 'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well;
 But what care I for words? yet words do well 110
 When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
 It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:
 But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him:
 He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
 Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
 Did make offence his eye did heal it up.
 He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
 His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
 There was a pretty redness in his lip,
 A little riper and more lusty red 120
 Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
 Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
 There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
 In parcels as I did, would have gone near
 To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
 I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
 I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
 For what had he to do to chide at me?
 He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;
 And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me: 130

I marvel why I answer'd not again :
But that's all one ; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it : wilt thou, Silvius ?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight ;
The matter's in my head and in my heart :
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The forest.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so ; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post. 9

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation ; nor the musician's, which is fantastical ; nor the courtier's, which is proud ; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious ; nor the lawyer's, which is politic ; nor the lady's, which is nice ; nor the lover's, which is all these : but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands. 22

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

Enter ORLANDO.

Orl. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay, then God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [Exit.

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more. 37

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole. 44

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: besides he brings his destiny with him. 51

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you. 60

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humour and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied? 70

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her. 80

Ros. Well in her person I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person; videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of

love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drowned: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos.' But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me. 96

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind. 100

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What sayest thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us. 110

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando—'

Cel. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions. 122

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say 'a day,' without the 'ever.' No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep. 136

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney. 144

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say 'Wit, whither wilt?'

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool! 154

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind. 163

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise and the most hollow lover and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise. 171

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu. [*Exit Orlando.*]

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal. 183

Cel. Or rather, bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come. 191

Cel. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The forest.**Enter JAQUES, Lords, and Foresters.**Jaq.* Which is he that killed the deer?*A Lord.* Sir, it was I.*Jaq.* Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?*For.* Yes, sir.*Jaq.* Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

For. What shall he have that kill'd the deer? 10
His leather skin and horns to wear.

Then sing him home;

[The rest shall bear this burden.]

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;

It was a crest ere thou wast born:

Thy father's father wore it,

And thy father bore it:

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

*[Exeunt.]*SCENE III. *The forest.**Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.**Ros.* How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!*Cel.* I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth to sleep. Look, who comes here.*Enter SILVIUS.**Sil.* My errand is to you, fair youth;
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:

I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me;
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

10

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Ods my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

20

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand; she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand: I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a huswife's hand; but that's no matter:
I say she never did invent this letter:
This is a man's invention and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

30

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: women's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiopie words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes.

[*Reads*] Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?

40

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [Reads]

Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!

50

Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:

And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take

60

Of me and all that I can make:
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[Exit *Silvius*.]

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive trees?

75

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:
The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream

Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

80

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments and such years: 'The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: the woman low
And browner than her brother.' Are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

90

Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself:
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,

100

110

When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural 121
That lived amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back and purposed so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling 130
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was't you he rescued?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by.
When from the first to last betwixt us two
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
As how I came into that desert place:— 140
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted

And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart, 150
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin
Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind. [*Rosalind swoons.*]

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.
I pray you, will you take him by the arm? 161

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth: you a man! you lack a
man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think
this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother
how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony
in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be
a man. 171

Ros. So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by
right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw
homewards. Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend
my counterfeiting to him. Will you go? [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean. 9

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William? 20

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. 'Thank God'; a good answer. Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so so.

Touch. 'So so' is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit. 28

Touch. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir. 37

Touch. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that ipse is he: now, you are not ipse, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart. 54

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*]

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The forest.**Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.*

Orl. Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing you should love her? and loving woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd. 11

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be tomorrow: thither will I invite the duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.

[*Exit.*

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

20

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame': for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked, no

sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent: they are in the very wrath of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them. 36

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking. 45

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, in-somuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is and without any danger. 61

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

Pbe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study 70
To seem spiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Pbe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phebe.

Pbe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service; 80
And so am I for Phebe.

Pbe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;
And so am I for Phebe. 90

Pbe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Pbe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Why do you speak too, 'Why blame you me to love
you?'

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear. 99

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [*To Sil.*] I will help you, if I can: [*To Pbe.*] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [*To Pbe.*] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow: [*To Orl.*] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow: [*To Sil.*] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To Orl.*] As you love Rosalind, meet: [*To Sil.*] as you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well: I have left you commands. 110

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Pbe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

Sec. Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle. 9

First Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

Sec. Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring. 20

Between the acres of the rye,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino; 30
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

First Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [Excunt.

SCENE IV. *The forest.*

Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, JAKUES, ORLANDO,
OLIVER, and CELIA.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged :
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here ?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her ?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king. 10

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing ?

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd ?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will ?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter ;
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter : 20
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,
Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd :
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me : and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even. [*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*]

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter :
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born, 30
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward and these couples
are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange
beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to your all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears. 41

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well. 51

Touch. God'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks: a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases. 61

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again 'it was not well cut,' he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again 'it was not well cut,' he disabled my judgement: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again 'it was not well

cut,' he would say, I lied: this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct. 76

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie? 82

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, 'If you said so, then I said so'; and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If. 95

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, and CELIA.

Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together. 100

Good duke, receive thy daughter:
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within his bosom is.

Ros. [To duke] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To *Orl.*] To you I give myself, for I am yours. 109

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Pbe. If sight and shape be true,

Why then, my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he;

I'll have no husband, if you be not he:

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands

120

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part:

You and you are heart in heart:

You to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord;

You and you are sure together,

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning;

130

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown:

O blessed bond of board and bed!

'Tis Hymen peoples every town;

High wedlock then be honoured:

Honour, high honour and renown,

To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!
Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree. 140

Pbe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two:
 I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
 That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
 Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
 Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
 Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
 In his own conduct, purposely to take
 His brother here and put him to the sword: 150
 And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
 Where meeting with an old religious man,
 After some question with him, was converted
 Both from his enterprise and from the world;
 His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
 And all their lands restored to them again
 That were with him exiled. This to be true,
 I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
 Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
 To one his lands withheld, and to the other 160
 A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
 First, in this forest let us do those ends
 That here were well begun and well begot:
 And after, every of this happy number
 That have endured shrewd days and nights with us
 Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
 According to the measure of their states.
 Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity
 And fall into our rustic revelry.
 Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all, 170
 With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
 The duke hath put on a religious life
 And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
 There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
 [To Duke] You to your former honour I bequeath;

Your patience and your virtue well deserves it: 179

[*To Orl.*] You to a love that your true faith doth merit:

[*To Oli.*] You to your land and love and great allies:

[*To Sil.*] You to a long and well-deserved bed:

[*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victualled. So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.

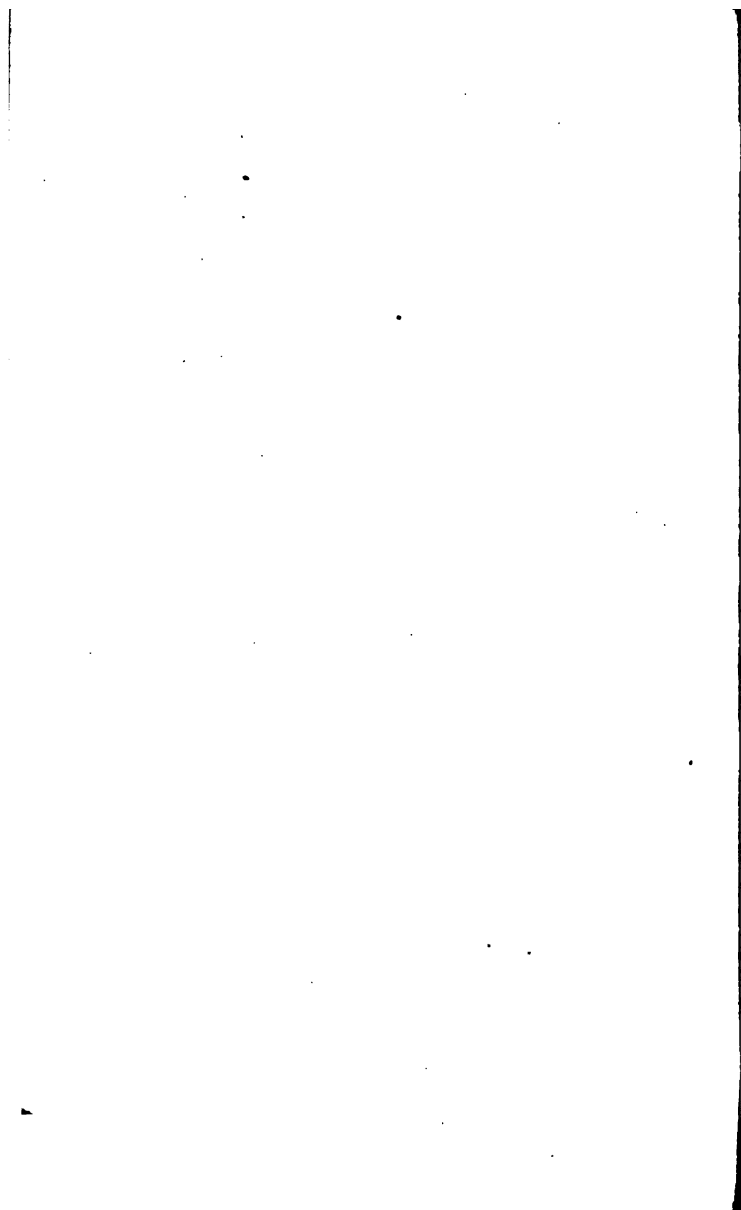
Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime I: what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*]

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [*A dance.*]

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women—as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them—that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*]



Clarendon Press Series

SHAKESPEARE

SELECT PLAYS

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

EDITED BY

WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT, M.A.

HON. D.C.L. AND LL.D.

FELLOW AND SENIOR BURSAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

Oxford

AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

M DCCC LXXXVIII

[*All rights reserved*]

London
HENRY FROWDE



OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS WAREHOUSE
AMEN CORNER, E.C.

PREFACE.

The first edition of this play was issued in quarto in 1600 by Thomas Fisher, under the title 'A Midsommer nights dreame. As it hath beene sundry times publickely acted, by the Right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare.' It was entered at Stationers' Hall on the 8th of October, and in the same year a pirated edition by James Roberts appeared. Fisher's and Roberts's editions are spoken of in the Notes as the first and second quartos, and from the latter of these the play as it appears in the first folio was printed in 1623. But although it was not printed, so far as we know, before 1600, it was written at least as early as 1598, for 'Midsummers Night Dreame' is enumerated among Shakespeare's plays by Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* (p. 282), which was published in that year. How long before this time it had been written is to a great extent a matter of pure conjecture. Steevens, in his note on ii. i. 15, 'And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear,' quotes a passage in which the same thought occurs from an old comedy called *The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600, where an enchanter says:—

'Twas I that led you through the painted meads
When the light fairies danc'd upon the flowers,
Hanging on every leaf an orient pearl.'

Malone pointed out that although no earlier edition is known of this anonymous comedy than that of 1600 yet Doctor Dodi-powle is mentioned by Nashe in 1596, in his preface to Gabriel Harvey's *Hunt is Up*. This however proves nothing, for Nashe

only mentions the name 'doctor Dodyppowle,' without referring to the play, and Dodipoll was a synonym for a blockhead as early as Latimer's time. In endeavouring therefore to approximate to the date of our play, we may leave out of consideration the passage quoted by Steevens; for it is, to say the least, quite as probable that the author of the *Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll* borrowed from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, as that Shakespeare borrowed from him a conceit which is not very far-fetched. All that we really know is that the *Midsummer Night's Dream* was written before 1598. Chetwood, in his *British Theatre*, published in Dublin in 1750, gives a list of the early editions of Shakespeare's plays, in which appears 'A moste pleasaunte comedie, called A *Midsummer Night's Dreame*, wythe the freakes of the fayries,' which is said to have been published in 1595. But Chetwood's descriptions have been pronounced fictitious by Steevens, and the spelling of 'wythe' is sufficient to condemn the present title as spurious. Malone at first placed the *Midsummer Night's Dream* in the year 1595, then as early as 1592, but his later opinion was that it was written in 1594. In that year Dr. King, afterwards Bishop of London, preached at York a series of sermons upon the history of Jonah, which were published in 1618 under the title 'Lectures upon Ionas.' The second lecture (p. 36) contains a description of the disastrous season, to which Titania is supposed to refer in her reproaches of Oberon (ii. i. 81-117), and which she attributes to their quarrel. 'The moneths of the year haue not yet gone about, wherin the Lord hath bowed the heauens, and come down amongst vs with more tokens and earnestes of his wrath intended, then the agedst man of our land is able to recount of so small a time. For say, if euer the windes, since they blew one against the other, haue beene more common, & more tempestuous, as if the foure endes of heauen had conspired to turne the foundations of the earth vpside downe; thunders and lightnings neither seasonable for the time, and withall most terrible, with such effects brought

forth, that the childe vnborne shall speake of it. The anger of the clouds hath bene powred downe vpon our heads, both with abundance and (sauing to those that felt it) with incredible violence; the aire threatned our miseries with a blazing starre; the pillers of the earth tottered in many whole countries and tracts of our Ilande; the arrowes of a woefull pestilence haue bene cast abroad at large in all the quarters of our realme, euen to the emptying and dispeopling of some parts thereof; treasons against our Queene and countrey wee have knowne many and mighty, monstrous to bee imagined, from a number of Lyons whelps, lurking in their dennes and watching their houre, to vndoe vs; our expectation and comfort so fayled vs in France, as if our right armes had bene pulled from our shoulders.' The marginal note to this passage shews the date to which it refers. 'The yeare of the Lord 1593, and 1594.' Dr. King's description of the extraordinary disturbance of the elements is confirmed by Stowe in his Annals for the same year. Under date 1594 he says, 'In this moneth of March was many great stormes of winde, which ouerturned trees, steeples, barns, houses, &c. namely in Worcestershire, in Beaudly forrest many Oakes were ouerturned The 11. of Aprill, a raine continued very sore more then 24. houres long and withall, such a winde from the north, as pearced the wals of houses, were they neuer so strong . . . This yeere in the month of May, fell many great showres of raine, but in the moneths of Iune and Iuly, much more: for it commonly rained euerie day, or night, till S. Iames day, and two daies after together most extreemly, all which notwithstanding, in the moneth of August there followed a faire haruest, but in the moneth of September fell great raines, which raised high waters, such as staid the carriages, and bare downe bridges, at Cambridge, Ware, and else where, in many places. Also the price of graine grewe to be such, as a strike or bushell of Rie was sold for fiue shillings, a bushell of wheat for sixe, seuen, or eight shillings, &c. for still it rose in price, which dearth happened (after

the common opinion) more by meanes of ouermuch transporting, by our owne merchants for their priuate gaine, than through the vnseasonablenesse of the weather passed.' (Annales, ed. 1601, pp. 1274-9). A similar description is given in the journal of Dr. Simon Forman, the astrologer, which is quoted by Mr. Halliwell (Phillipps) in his Introduction to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (p. 6, ed. 1841), from MS. 384 in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. These passages have been so often referred to as containing the prose version of Titania's speech that I have thought it best to give them at length, if only for the purpose of shewing that in all probability Shakespeare had not the year 1594 in his mind at all. It is true that King, and Stowe, and Forman alike describe great storms of wind and rain and disastrous floods as characterising this year, but notwithstanding we are told 'in the moneth of August there followed a faire haruest,' and the subsequent high prices of corn are attributed not to a deficiency in the crop but to the avarice of merchants in exporting it for their own gain. Now this does not agree with Titania's description of the fatal consequences of her quarrel with Oberon, through which

'The green corn

Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard.'

In this point alone there is such an important discrepancy that if Shakespeare referred to any particular season we may without doubt affirm it was not to the year 1594, and therefore the passages which have been quoted have no bearing upon the date of the play. I am even sceptical enough to think that Titania's speech not only does not describe the events of the year 1594, or of the other bad seasons which happened at this time, but that it is purely the product of the poet's own imagination, and that the picture which it presents had no original in the world of fact, any more than Oberon's bank or Titania's bower.

Another passage which has been appealed to as afford-

ing internal evidence of the date of our play is in v. i. 52, 53, where Theseus reads from the list of performances submitted to him for approval by the master of the revels,

‘The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceased in beggary’;

in which some see an allusion to the death of Spenser in 1599, others to that of Greene in 1592. In the former case the lines must have been interpolated after Spenser’s death, for we know the play was in existence in 1598. It was Knight who first suggested that the reference is to the death of Greene. Rejecting the supposition of Warton that Shakespeare here ‘alluded to Spenser’s poem entitled “The Teares of the Muses, on the neglect and contempt of learning,”’ which appeared in 1591, he maintains, ‘These expressions are too precise and limited to refer to the tears of the Muses for the decay of knowledge and art. We cannot divest ourselves of the belief that some real person, and some real death, was alluded to. May we hazard a conjecture? Greene, a man of learning, and one whom Shakspeare in the generosity of his nature might wish to point at kindly, died in 1592, in a condition that might truly be called beggary. But how was his death, any more than that of Spenser, to be the occasion of “some satire keen and critical”? Every student of our literary history will remember the famous controversy of Nash and Gabriel Harvey, which was begun by Harvey’s publication, in 1592, of “Four Letters, and certain Sonnets, especially touching Robert Greene, and other parties by him abused.” Robert Greene was dead; but Harvey came forward, in revenge of an incautious attack of the unhappy poet, to satirize him in his grave—to hold up his vices and his misfortunes to the public scorn—to be “keen and critical” upon “learning, late deceas’d in beggary.” The conjecture which we offer may have little weight, and the point is certainly of very small consequence.’ It may safely be said that the conjecture would have had more weight if the reasons

for it had not been given, for it is difficult to see any parallel between Gabriel Harvey's satire and

'The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning,'

which must of necessity satirize some person or persons other than him whose death is mourned, even supposing that any particular person is referred to. On the whole, I am inclined to think that Spenser's poem may have suggested to Shakespeare a title for the piece submitted to Theseus, and that we need not press for any closer parallel between them.

Chalmers, in his Supplemental Apology for the Believers in the Shakspeare-Papers (pp. 359-370), gives the reasons which induced him to place the composition of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* in the early part of 1598. He finds, in the speech of Theseus at the beginning of the fifth act, the line,

'One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,'

which, he says, 'is, plainly, a sarcasm on Lodge's pamphlet, called *Wits Miserie*, and the *Worlds Madnesse*; discovering the Incarnate Devils of this age.' Lodge's tract was printed in 1596, and as he mentions other poets and suppresses Shakespeare's name Chalmers infers that Shakespeare in revenge wrote the line which is quoted above. An equally strong reason for believing that Shakespeare had read Lodge's tract before writing *Midsummer Night's Dream*, is that he uses the word 'compact,' which is also found in Lodge.

The next step in Chalmers's argument is that in 1597 there was a poem, entitled *Pyramus and Thisbe*, published by Dunstan Gale, which in his opinion was prior to Shakespeare's work. But as no one has seen this edition of Gale's poem, and as the story of *Pyramus and Thisbe* was accessible to Shakespeare from other sources long before 1597, we may dismiss this piece of evidence brought forward by Chalmers as having no decisive weight. He next takes for granted what is merely suggested by Malone, that Shakespeare borrowed from a comedy called the *Wisdom of Doctor Dodipoll*, and

further that this comedy was published in, or before, the year 1596. I have given reasons above for believing that this suggestion also may be disregarded. Again, says Chalmers, 'The Faery Queen helped Shakspeare to many hints,' and 'the second volume of the Faery Queen was published in 1596.' To this I would add, what Chalmers himself should have stated, that although the second volume of Spenser's poem was not published till 1596, the first appeared in 1590, and if Shakespeare borrowed any ideas from it at all he had an opportunity of doing so long before 1596. This therefore may be consigned to the limbo of worthless evidence. Further, in the speech of Egeus, in which he claims the ancient privilege of Athens, to dispose of his daughter either to Demetrius or to death, Chalmers sees a direct reference to a bill which was introduced into parliament in 1597 for depriving offenders of clergy who should be found guilty of taking away women against their wills. This is certainly the weakest of all the proofs by which Chalmers endeavours to make out his case, for the law which Egeus wished to enforce was against a refractory daughter, who at the time at which he was speaking had not been stolen away by Lysander, and was only too willing to go with him. I have given Chalmers's theory rather more consideration than it deserves, because he has supported it by a parade of evidence, which to him no doubt appeared satisfactory, but which upon examination proves to be of absolutely no value.

Another point, which has a bearing upon the date of the play, is the occasion for which it was written. If this could be determined with any degree of probability we should be able to ascertain within a little the time at which it was composed. But here again we embark upon a wide sea of conjecture, with neither star nor compass to guide us. That the *Midsummer Night's Dream* may have been first acted at the marriage of some nobleman, and that, from the various compliments which are paid to Elizabeth, the performance may have taken place when the Queen herself was present,

are no improbable suppositions. But when was this conjuncture of events? No theory which has yet been proposed satisfies both conditions. On the one hand Mr. Gerald Massey maintains that it was to celebrate the marriage of Lord Southampton with Elizabeth Vernon that Shakespeare composed the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; but as this marriage did not take place till 1598, and was then kept secret in order to avoid the Queen's displeasure, Mr. Massey supposes that the play was written some time before, when it was thought probable that the Queen's consent might have been obtained, and he accordingly places it in 1595. He goes further and believes that in the play 'many touches tend to show that Hermia is Lady Rich, and Helena, Elizabeth Vernon' (*The Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets unfolded*, p. 475). 'Perhaps,' he adds in a note (p. 481), 'it was one of the Plays presented before Mr. Secretary Cecil and Lord Southampton, when they were leaving London for Paris, in January, 1598, at which time, as Rowland White relates, the Earl's marriage was secretly talked of.' It appears that the exigencies of Mr. Massey's theory have here driven him into great straits. That Southampton was not married to Elizabeth Vernon till the summer of 1598, is all but certain. If therefore the *Midsummer Night's Dream* was one of the plays acted before Cecil and Southampton in January, 1598, it was not in honour of the marriage of the latter. If it was not one of these plays we are not concerned with what happened on that occasion. In fact we know nothing whatever about the matter, and of guesses like these there is neither end nor profit. Elze, who rejects the date offered by Mr. Massey's theory as too late, advances a conjecture of his own which must be regarded as a conjecture only, having no evidence whatever to support it. To use his own language, he maintains that 'all indications point to the fact that the *Midsummer Night's Dream* was written for and performed at the marriage of the Earl of Essex in 1590' with Lady Frances Sidney the widow of Sir Philip Sidney. He regards Theseus and Hippolyta as the

representatives of the bridal couple. Theseus was a captain, so was Essex. Theseus was a huntsman, so may Essex have been. Theseus was welcomed by 'great clerks'; Essex had an Eclogue Gratulatory addressed to him by George Peele on his return from the Spanish campaign in 1589. Theseus was faithless in love, and the amours of Essex were matters of public notoriety. So, there being a river at Monmouth and a river in Macedon, the parallel is complete. Moreover, Kurz, who adopts Elze's hypothesis and thinks that the *Midsummer Night's Dream* was performed, 'not on the marriage-day itself but on the May-day festival which followed close afterwards,' looking in the calendar found out moonshine, and ascertained that there was a new moon on April 30, 1590, giving thereby an unexpected significance to the introductory lines of the play¹. We have but to take another step on this baseless ladder and we find the Essex hypothesis explains, what has been hitherto unproved, how it was that Shakespeare enjoyed the early patronage of Essex, and who it was that introduced him to Southampton. It was the performance which 'must necessarily have drawn the attention of Essex to the poet,' and 'it is now beyond all doubt' that Essex brought him to the notice of Southampton. In such questions it would be well to remember the maxim of the ancient rabbis, 'Teach thy tongue to say, I do not know.'

If we attempt to arrange the plays which Meres attributes to Shakespeare, so as to distribute them over the period from 1589 to 1598, we shall find two gaps, in either of which we might conjecturally place the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The interval from 1589 to 1591 is filled up by *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Comedy of Errors*, and *Titus Andronicus*. In 1593, 1594 are placed Richard

¹ But in the play the new moon is on Theseus' wedding day, that is, the 1st of May; and the kindness of Professor Adams enables me to state that the nearest new moon to May 1, 1590, was on April 23, and that there was a new moon on May 1 in 1592.

the Second, Richard the Third, King John, and in these years appeared Venus and Adonis and Lucrece. The Merchant of Venice is assigned to 1596, and Henry the Fourth to 1597. Besides these there are the three Parts of Henry the Sixth, which Meres does not mention, but which, if Shakespeare's at all, must belong to the earlier part of this period, and 'Loue Labours Wonne,' whatever this may have been. On the whole, I am disposed to agree with Professor Dowden in regarding the Two Gentlemen of Verona as earlier than the Midsummer Night's Dream, while I cannot think the latter was composed after the plays assigned above to 1593, 1594, and would therefore place it in the interval from 1591 to 1593, when perhaps Romeo and Juliet may have been begun.

But if conjecture has dealt freely with the indeterminate problem of the date and first occasion of our play, these speculations are outdone by the theories which have been advanced to explain the famous speech of Oberon to Puck (ii. 1. 148-168), regarded as a political allegory. Warburton was the first to propound an elaborate interpretation from this point of view. Starting with the assumption that by the 'fair vestal throned by the west' is meant Queen Elizabeth, he argues that the mermaid must denote some eminent personage of her time, 'of whom it had been inconvenient for the author to speak openly, either in praise or dispraise.' 'All this agrees with Mary Queen of Scots, and with no other. Queen Elizabeth could not bear to hear her commended; and her successor would not forgive her satirist.' 'She is called a mermaid, 1. To denote her reign over a kingdom situate in the sea, and 2. Her beauty and intemperate lust.' That she was on a dolphin's back points to her marriage with the dauphin of France. 'Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,' alludes to her great abilities and learning which rendered her the most accomplished princess of her age. The rude sea which grew civil at her song was 'Scotland encircled with the ocean, which rose up in arms against the regent while she was in France. But her return home

presently quieted those disorders.' The 'certain stars' who shot madly from their spheres were some of the English nobility who espoused her cause; 'the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, who fell in her quarrel; and principally the great Duke of Norfolk, whose projected marriage with her was attended with such fatal consequences.' Such is the elaborate allegory which Warburton finds concealed in the fanciful description given by Oberon of the origin of the flower by means of whose magical properties he wished to revenge himself upon Titania. That in the fair vestal throned by the west Shakespeare intended a compliment to Queen Elizabeth is probably the only part of Warburton's theory with which any one will agree. Ritson and others have pointed out important discrepancies in his interpretation which is really not worth serious investigation. But Warburton is outdone by Boaden, who in his *Essay on the Sonnets of Shakespeare* (1837) finds in Oberon's description of the mermaid no royal siren like Mary Queen of Scots, but the sham mermaid of the Princely Pleasures at Kenilworth when Elizabeth paid her famous visit to Leicester in 1575. Shakespeare was then a boy of eleven, and we are told *may* have been present as a delighted spectator. His childhood recollection of the pageant takes the form some fifteen or twenty years afterwards in which it now appears. Oberon speaks of a mermaid on a dolphin's back, and at Kenilworth there was Triton in the likeness of a mermaid, and Proteus appeared sitting on a dolphin's back, 'within the which dolphyn,' says Gascoigne, 'a consort of musicke was secretly placed,' which of course is in plain prose the dulcet and harmonious breath of which Oberon describes the wondrous effects. The 'certain stars' which shot madly from their spheres are according to this interpretation no misguided nobles rushing upon their own destruction, but the fireworks which accompanied the royal entertainment. Surely no fireworks before or since have been so glorified. Finally, misled by the magic of Sir Walter Scott, the author of this theory identifies as 'the little

western flower' poor Amy Robsart, who had been dead fifteen years before. But what is more remarkable even than that the wit of man should have conceived such an interpretation is that the same conclusion was independently arrived at by another investigator. Mr. Halpin, in his *Oberon's Vision* (Shakes. Soc. Publ.), not only follows the outline of Boaden's theory, that we have in this description an allegorical account of what happened upon the occasion of Elizabeth's visit to Kenilworth, but pursues the allegory with a minuteness of detail which Boaden did not attempt. In fact he takes up the interpretation where Boaden leaves it, and identifying the promontory on which Oberon sat with the 'brays' which are described by Laneham as 'linking a fair park with the castle on the south,' he disposes of the rest of the allegory in this wise. Cupid all armed, flying between the cold moon and the earth, is the Earl of Leicester, wavering in his passion between Queen Elizabeth and the Lady Douglas, Countess of Sheffield, to whom he was believed to be privately married. The aim which he took at a fair vestal throned by the west is the attempt made by him upon this occasion to win the hand of Elizabeth. This was defeated by 'the pride, prudery, and jealousy of power, which invariably swayed the tide of Elizabeth's passions, and the Virgin Queen finally departed from Kenilworth Castle unshackled with a matrimonial engagement, and as heartwhole as ever.' The little western flower is Lettice, Countess of Essex, with whom Leicester intrigued during the lifetime of her husband, and whom he afterwards married. We must at any rate give the inventor of this interpretation credit for remarkable ingenuity, but to accept it requires the exercise of something more than faith. If there be an allegorical meaning in Oberon's words why does he suddenly drop allegory and come back to reality when he says to Puck, 'Fetch me that flower'? No one pretends that this has an allegorical significance, and if so, how can it be separated in such a manner from what precedes, that up to this point all is allegory and from this point all is fact?

The fairy mythology of Shakespeare in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is described by Keightley (*Fairy Mythology*, p. 325) as an attempt to blend 'the Elves of the village with the Fays of romance. His Fairies agree with the former in their diminutive stature,—diminished, indeed, to dimensions inappreciable by village gossips,—in their fondness for dancing, their love of cleanliness, and their child-abstracting propensities. Like the Fays, they form a community, ruled over by the princely Oberon and the fair Titania. There is a court and chivalry: Oberon would have the Queen's sweet changeling to be a "knight of his train to trace the forest wild." Like earthly monarchs he had his jester, "the shrewd and knavish sprite, called Robin Goodfellow.'" It is true that Shakespeare has presented these purely English fairies in combination with 'the heroes and heroines of the mythic age of Greece,' but indeed Theseus is Greek in name only. He is an English nobleman, who after service in the wars has returned to his estate and his field sports, and Bottom and his fellows may have been any Warwickshire peasants, hard-handed men of Coventry, but no Athenians. There is no attempt in the whole course of the play to give it a classical colouring, and there is therefore nothing incongruous to a reader in finding himself in company with the Greek-sounding names of Theseus, Egeus and Philostrate in one scene, and Oberon and Robin Goodfellow in another. The play is thoroughly English from beginning to end.

Oberon the fairy king first appears in the old French Romance of *Huon of Bourdeaux*, and is identical with Elberich the dwarf king of the German story of *Otnit* in the *Heldenbuch*. The name Elberich, or as it appears in the *Nibelungenlied*, Albrich, was changed in passing into French first into Auberich, then into Auberon, and finally became our Oberon. He is introduced by Spenser in the *Fairy Queen* (bk. ii. cant. i. st. 6), where he describes Sir Guyon:—

'Well could he tournay, and in lists debate,
And knighthood tooke of good Sir Huon's hand,
When with King Oberon he came to Faery land.'

And in the tenth canto of the same book (st. 75) he is the allegorical representative of Henry VIII. The wise Elficles left two sons,

‘Of which faire Elferon,
The eldest brother, did untimely dy;
Whose emptie place the mightie Oberon
Doubly supplide, in spousall and dominion.’

‘Oboram King of Fayeries’ is one of the characters in Greene’s James the Fourth, which was not printed till 1598, but was of course written in or before 1592.

The name Titania for the Queen of the Fairies appears to have been the invention of Shakespeare. In *Romeo and Juliet* she is known by the more familiar appellation *Queen Mab*, and in an entertainment given to Elizabeth by the Earl of Hertford at Elvetham in 1591, there was a speech addressed to the Queen by ‘Aureola, the Quene of Fairy land,’ in which Auberon is mentioned as the Fairy King. Keightley explains the origin of the name Titania, ‘It was the belief of those days that the Fairies were the same as the classic Nymphs, the attendants of Diana: “That fourth kind of spirits,” says King James, “quhilk be the gentilis was called Diana, and her wandering court, and amongst us called the *Phairie*.” The Fairy Queen was therefore the same as Diana, whom Ovid (*Met.* iii. 173) styles Titania.’ (*Fairy Mythology*, p. 325, note.) In Chaucer’s *Merchant’s Tale*, Pluto is the King of Faerie and his Queen Proserpina, who danced and sang about the well under the laurel in January’s garden.

Puck or Robin Goodfellow is the mischief-loving sprite who in one fairy genealogy is said to be the son of Oberon. His former title is an appellative and not strictly a proper name, and we find him speaking of himself, ‘As I am an honest Puck,’ ‘Else the Puck a liar call.’ In fact Puck, or pouke, is an old word for devil, and it is used in this sense in the *Vision of Piers Ploughman*, 11345 (ed. T. Wright):

‘Out of the poukes pondfold
No maynprise may us fecche.’

And in the Romance of Richard Coer de Lion, 4326 (printed in Weber's Metrical Romances, vol. ii):

'He is no man he is a pouke.'

The Icelandic *púki* is the same word, and in Friesland the kobold or domestic spirit is called Puk. In Devonshire, pixy is the name for a fairy, and in Worcestershire we are told that the peasants are sometimes *poake ledden*, that is, misled by a mischievous spirit called *Poake*. 'Pouk-laden' is also given in Hartshorne's Shropshire Glossary. Keightley was of opinion that Shakespeare was the first to confound Puck with the house-spirit or Robin Goodfellow, but it is evident that in popular belief the same mischief-loving qualities which belong to Puck were attributed to Robin Goodfellow long before the time of Shakespeare. Tyndale, in his Obedience of a Christian Man (Parker Soc. ed. p. 321) says, 'The pope is kin to Robin Goodfellow, which sweepeth the house, washeth the dishes, and purgeth all, by night; but when day cometh, there is nothing found clean.' And again, in his Exposition of the 1st Epistle of St. John (Parker Soc. ed. p. 139), 'By reason whereof the scripture . . . is become a maze unto them, in which they wander as in a mist, or (as we say) led by Robin Goodfellow, that they cannot come to the right way, no, though they turn their caps.' The great source of information with regard to popular beliefs in fairies and spirits is Reginald Scot's Discovery of Witchcraft, first published in 1584. Of Robin Goodfellow he says (Book iv. ch. 10), 'In deede your grandams maides were woont to set a boll of milke before him (Incubus) and his cousine Robin good-fellow, for grinding of malt or mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight: and you haue also heard that he would chafe exceedingly, if the maid or good-wife of the house, hauing compassion of his nakednes, laid anie clothes for him, beesides his messe of white bread and milke, which was his standing fee. For in that case he saith; What haue we here? Hemton hamten, here will I neuer more tread nor stampen.' Again (Bk. vii. ch. 15), 'It is a common

saieing; A lion feareth no bugs. But in our childhood our mothers maids haue so terrified vs with an ouglie diuell hauing hornes on his head, fier in his mouth, and a taile in his breech, eies like a bason, fanges like a dog, clawes like a beare, a skin like a Niger, and a voice roring like a lion, whereby we start and are afraid when we heare one crie Bough : and they haue so fraied us with bull beggers, spirits, witches, vrchens, elues, hags, fairies, satyrs, pans, faunes, sylens, kit with the cansticke, tritons, centaurs, dwarfes, giants, imps, calcars, coniurors, nymphes, changlings, *Incubus*, Robin good-fellowe, the spoorne, the mare, the man in the oke, the hell waine, the fierdrake, the puckle, Tom thombe, hob goblin, Tom tumbler, boneles, and such other bugs, that we are afraid of our owne shadowes: in so much as some neuer feare the diuell, but in a darke night; and then a polled sheepe is a perillous beast, and manie times is taken for our fathers soule, speciallie in a churchyard, where a right hardie man heretofore scant durst passe by night, but his haire would stand vpright.' See also in the same book A Discourse vpon diuels and spirits, c. 21. Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy (Part I. Sec. 2. Mem. 1. Subs. 2) discusses the nature of spirits, and among other points the important question whether they are mortal. One of his diuisions is as follows: 'Terrestrial devils are those *lares, genii, faunes, satyrs*, wood-nymphs, foliots, fairies, *Robin Goodfelloaws, Trulli*, &c., which as they are most conversant with men, so they do them most harm . . . Some put our fairies into this rank, which have been in former time adored with much superstition, with sweeping their houses, and setting of a pail of clean water, good victuals, and the like; and then they should not be pinched, but find money in their shoes, and be fortunate in their enterprises. These are they that dance on heaths and greens, as Lavater thinks with Trithemius, and as Olaus Magnus adds, leave that green circle, which we commonly find in plain fields, which others hold to proceed from a meteor falling, or some accidental rankness of the ground; so nature sports herself . . . Paracelsus reckons up many

places in Germany, where they do usually walk in little coats, some two foot long. A bigger kind there is of them, called with us *bobgoblins*, and *Robin Goodfellows*, that would, in those superstitious times, grind corn for a mess of milk, cut wood; or do any manner of drudgery work . . . And so likewise those which Mizaldus calls *Ambulones*, that walk about midnight on great heaths and desert places, which (saith Lavater) *draw men out of the way, and lead them all night a by-way, or quite bar them of their way*. These have several names in several places; we commonly call them *pucks*.' To the same effect writes Harsnet in his Declaration of Popish Imposture (p. 134); a book quoted in the Notes to King Lear: 'And if that the bowle of curds, & creame were not duly set out for *Robin good-fellow* the Frier, & *Sisse* the dairy-maide, to meete at *binch pinch*, and *laugh not*, when the good wife was a bed, why then, either the pottage was burnt to next day in the pot, or the cheese would not curdle; or the butter would not come, or the ale in the fat would neuer haue good head.' The 'walking fire' in Lear, which Edgar takes for the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet is but one of the forms in which Robin appears. In the black-letter ballad of The Merry Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, which is reprinted by Mr. Halliwell (Phillipps) in his Introduction to a Midsummer Night's Dream, is the following stanza (p. 36):

'Sometimes he'd counterfeit a voyce,
And travellers call astray,
Sometimes a walking fire he'd be,
And lead them from their way.'

Another ballad, printed in Percy's Reliques (vol. iii. book 2), which relates 'The Merry Pranks of Robin Goodfellow,' may be consulted by those who wish to pursue the subject further. See also Drayton; Nymphidia, 282 &c., Milton, L'Allegro, 100-114, and an essay by Mr. Thoms on the Folklore of Shakespeare.

It has been suggested that the device employed by Oberon to enchant Titania, by anointing her eyelids with the juice

of a flower, may have been borrowed by Shakespeare from the Spanish Romance of Diana by George of Montemayor. But apart from the difficulty which arises from the fact that no English translation of this romance is known before that published by Yong in 1598, there is no necessity to suppose that Shakespeare was indebted to any one for what must have been a familiar element in all incantations at a time when a belief in witchcraft was common. Percy (*Reliques*, vol. iii. book 2, end) quotes a receipt by the celebrated astrologer Dr. Dee for 'An unguent to annoynt under the Eyelids, and upon the Eyelids eveninge and morninge: but especially when you call,' that is, upon the fairies. It consisted of a decoction of various flowers.

Dr. Farmer observed to Malone that in the lines spoken by Pyramus 'Approach, ye furies fell,' &c., and in those of Thisbe's speech,

'O sisters three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk,'

Shakespeare intended to ridicule a passage in Damon and Pythias, by Richard Edwards, 1582:

'Ye furies, all at once
On me your torments trie . . .
Gripe me, you greedy griefs,
And present pangues of death,
You sisters three, with cruel handes
With speed come stop my breath!'

Certainly both in this play and in the tragical comedy of Appius and Virginia, printed in 1575, may be found doggrel no better than that which he puts into the mouth of Bottom. See for example the speech of Judge Appius to Claudius, beginning,

'The furies fell of Limbo lake
My princely days do short, &c.'

It is also worth while to notice that the song quoted in *Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 5. 128,

'When griping grief the heart doth wound &c.,'

is by the author of *Damon and Pythias*.

In Mr. Collier's *Annals of the Stage* (ii. 30-36) is related a curious story of a charge made against the Bishop of Lincoln by one John Spencer for having had a play performed in his house in London on Sunday, September 27, 1631. From what follows it appears that the play in question was *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, but there is evidently something wrong about the story, for the 27th of September in the year 1631 was on a Tuesday. Taking it however for what it is worth, the document from which Mr. Collier quotes, which purports to be an order of the Archbishop's Court, decrees, 'that Mr. Wilson, because he was a speciall plotter and contriver of this business, and did in such a brutishe manner-acte the same with an Asses head, and therefore hee shall, upon Tuisday next, from 6 of the clocke in the morning till six of the clocke at night, sitt in the Porters Lodge at my Lords Bishoppes House, with his feete in the stocks, and attyred with his asse head, and a bottle of hay sett before him, and this subscription on his breast :

'Good people I have played the beast,
And brought ill things to passe:
I was a man, but thus have made
My selfe a silly Asse.'

After the Restoration we find in 1661 a play called *The Merry conceited Humors of Bottom the Weaver*, in which Theseus and his court are left out altogether, and nothing remains but the fairies and the clowns. It had perhaps been played privately after the suppression of the theatres. On the 29th of September 1662, Mr. Pepys having endured a period of abstinence from drink and play-going, in accordance with a vow which came to an end on that day, rewarded his constancy by going to the King's Theatre, where, he says, 'we saw "*Midsummer's Night's Dream*," which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life.' Mr. Pepys was perhaps a little difficult to please, and his critical judgement was not final. *The Tempest* is the most innocent play he

ever saw, and has no great wit. He calls *The Taming of the Shrew* a 'silly play,' while *Othello*, which he had once thought 'mighty good,' seemed to him but a mean thing after reading '*The Adventures of Five Houres*.' No doubt he reflected the taste of his time, and it is not much to be wondered at that he did not care for *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. There is in truth no plot in the play at all and very little dramatic movement. Indeed it is rather a masque than a play, or at any rate a play of situation rather than of plot or character. And as with a masque was combined the antimasque as a kind of comic counterpart or farcè, so in the present play the fairies and the clowns supply the place of the antimasque of which they form the sub-divisions or semi-choruses.

The title of the play has often been the subject of dispute. Aubrey has a story, which is as worthless as most of his worthless gossip is, to the effect that '*The humour of the constable in A Midsommer-Night-Dreame he happened to take at Crendon [or Grendon] in Bucks (I think it was Midsomer-night that he happened to be there); which is the road from London to Stratford; and there was living that constable about 1642, when I first came to Oxon.*' (Shakespeare, ed. 1821, ii. 491.) In the play itself the time is about May day, but Shakespeare from haste or inadvertence has fallen into some confusion in regard to it. Theseus' opening words point to April 27, four days before the new moon which was to behold the night of his marriage with Hippolyta. He orders Hermia

'By the next new moon,
The sealing day between my love and me,'

to make up her mind either to wed Demetrius or be condemned to death or perpetual virginity. The next night, which would be April 28, Lysander appoints for Hermia to escape with him from Athens. 'Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night.' The night of the second day is occupied with the adventures in the wood, and in the morning the

lovers are discovered by Theseus and his huntsmen, and it is supposed that they have risen early to observe the rite of May. So that the morning of the third day is the 1st of May, and the last two days of April are lost altogether. Titania's reference to the 'middle-summer's spring' must therefore be to the summer of the preceding year. It is a curious fact, on which however I would not lay too much stress, that in 1592 there was a new moon on the 1st of May; so that if *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was written so as to be acted on a May day when the actual age of the moon corresponded with its age in the play, it must have been written for May day 1592.

Midsummer Eve appears to have been regarded as a period when the imagination ran riot, and many of the old superstitions which characterised it are recorded in Brand's *Popular Antiquities*. For instance, 'Grose tells us that any person fasting on Midsummer Eve, and sitting in the church porch, will at midnight see the spirits of the persons of that parish who will die that year, come and knock at the church door, in the order and succession in which they will die (i. p. 331). 'Maidens practised divination on this night to find out their future husbands, and Levinus Lemnius . . . tells us that the Low Dutch have a proverb, that when men have passed a troublesome night's rest, and could not sleep at all, they say, we have passed St. John Baptist's Night; that is, we have not taken any sleep, but watched all night; and not only so, but we have been in great troubles, noyses, clamours, and stirs, that have held us waking' (i. p. 305). We know that Malvolio's strange conduct is described by Olivia (*Twelfth Night*, iii. 4. 61) as very Midsummer madness, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* therefore is no inappropriate title for the series of wild incongruities of which the play consists.

W. A. W.

CAMBRIDGE,
20 October, 1877.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.
EGEUS, father to Hermia.
LYSANDER, } in love with Hermia.
DEMETRIUS, }
PHILOSTRATE, master of the revels to Theseus.
QUINCE, a carpenter.
SNUG, a joiner.
BOTTOM, a weaver.
FLUTE, a bellows-mender.
SNOUT, a tinker.
STARVELING, a tailor.

HIPPOLYTA, queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.

HERMIA, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.
HELENA, in love with Demetrius

OBERON, king of the fairies.
TITANIA, queen of the fairies.
PUCK, or Robin Goodfellow.
PEASEBLOSSOM,
COBWEB,
MOTH,
MUSTARDSEED, } fairies.

Other fairies attending their King and Queen.
Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE: *Athens, and a wood near it.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Athens. The palace of THESEUS.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame or a dowager
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities. 10

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;

Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:
 Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
 The pale companion is not for our pomp. [*Exit Philostrate.*
 Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
 And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
 But I will wed thee in another key,
 With pomp, with triumph and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke! 20

The. Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
 Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
 Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
 This man hath my consent to marry her.
 Stand forth, Lysander: and, my gracious duke,
 This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:
 Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes
 And interchanged love-tokens with my child:
 Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung 30
 With feigning voice verses of feigning love,
 And stolen the impression of her fantasy
 With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
 Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, messengers
 Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:
 With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart,
 Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
 To stubborn harshness: and, my gracious duke,
 Be it so she will not here before your grace
 Consent to marry with Demetrius, 40
 I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
 As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
 Which shall be either to this gentleman
 Or to her death, according to our law
 Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? be advised, fair maid:
 To you your father should be as a god;
 One that composed your beauties, yea, and one

To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted and within his power
To leave the figure or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

50

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is;
But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgement look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts;
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

60

The. Either to die the death or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun,
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn
Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness.

70

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

80

The. Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon—
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,

For everlasting bond of fellowship—
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest
For aye austerity and single life.

90

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia: and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,
And what is mine my love shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am beloved of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

100

110

The. I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up—
Which by no means we may extenuate—
To death, or to a vow of single life.

120

Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?
Demetrius and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt all but Lysander and Hermia.*]

Lys. How now, my love! why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike for want of rain, which I could well 130
Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.

Lys. Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood,—

Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low.

Lys. Or else misgraffed in respect of years,—

Her. O spite! too old to be engaged to young.

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,—

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eyes. 140

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold!'
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd, 150
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermia.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager
 Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
 From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
 And she respects me as her only son. 160
 There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
 And to that place the sharp Athenian law
 Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me then,
 Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
 And in the wood, a league without the town,
 Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
 To do observance to a morn of May,
 There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!
 I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
 By his best arrow with the golden head, 170
 By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
 By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
 And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
 When the false Trojan under sail was seen,
 By all the vows that ever men have broke,
 In number more than ever women spoke,
 In that same place thou hast appointed me,
 To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed fair Helena! whither away? 180

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
 Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
 Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air
 More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
 When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
 Sickness is catching: O, were favour so,
 Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
 My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
 My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
 Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated, 190
 The rest I'd give to be to you translated.

O, teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine. 200

Hel. None, but your beauty: would that fault were mine!

Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:
O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass, 210
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,
Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us; 220
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

Lys. I will, my Hermia. [*Exit Herm.*] Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit.*]

Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.

But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
 He will not know what all but he do know:
 And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes, 230
 So I, admiring of his qualities:
 Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
 Love can transpose to form and dignity:
 Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
 And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
 Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste;
 Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:
 And therefore is Love said to be a child,
 Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
 As waggish boys in game themselves forswear, 240
 So the boy Love is perjured every where:
 For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
 He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
 And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
 So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.
 I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
 Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
 Pursue her; and for this intelligence
 If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
 But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
 To have his sight thither and back again. 250
[Exit.]

SCENE II. *Athens.* QUINCE'S house.

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and
STARVELING.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man,
according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is
thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude
before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding-day at
night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors, and so grow to a point. 10

Quin. Marry, our play is, The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love. 20

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest: yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks

Of prison gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far
And make and mar

30

The foolish Fates.

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love. 40

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one: you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too, I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, 'Thisne, Thisne;' 'Ah Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!'

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus: and, Flute, you Thisby. 50

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus' father: myself, Thisby's father. Snug, the joiner; you, the lion's part: and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study. 61

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.'

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all. 70

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a

summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus. 80

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced. But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not. 95

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect: adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold or cut bow-strings. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A wood near Athens.*

Enter, from opposite sides, a FAIRY, and PUCK.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;

And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be: 10
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dewdrops here
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone:
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night:
Take heed the queen come not within his sight;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath, 20
Because that she as her attendant hath
A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling;
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she perforce withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do square, that all their elves for fear 30
Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are not you he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you and sweet Puck, 40
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.

I jest to Oberon and make him smile
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab,
 And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
 And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale. 50
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
 And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough;
 And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh;
 And waxen in their mirth and neeze and swear
 A merrier hour was never wasted there.
 But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

Enter, from one side, OBERON, with his train; from the other, TITANIA, with hers.

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania. 60

Tita. What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence:
 I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?

Tita. Then I must be thy lady: but I know
 When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,
 And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
 Playing on pipes of corn and versing love
 To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
 Come from the farthest steppe of India?
 But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon, 70
 Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
 To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
 To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
 Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
 Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
 Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night

From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,
With Ariadne and Antiopa?

80

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
Or in the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land
Have every pelting river made so proud
That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard;
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green
For lack of tread are undistinguishable:
The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set: the spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries, and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which:
And this same progeny of evils comes

90

100

110

From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you:
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.

120

Tita. Set your heart at rest:
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood,
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait 130
Following,—her womb then rich with my young squire,—
Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake do I rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Tita. Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round 140
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away!
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[*Exit Titania with her train.*]

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememberest
Since once I sat upon a promontory,

And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music. 150

Puck.

I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts; 160
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew'd thee once:
The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid 170
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again.
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

[*Exit*

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull, 180
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
She shall pursue it with the soul of love:
And ere I take this charm from off her sight,
As I can take it with another herb,

I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me. 190
Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this wood;
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant:
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth 200
Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,—
And yet a place of high respect with me,—
Than to be used as you use your dog? 210

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night
And the ill counsel of a desert place
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege: for that 220
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you in my respect are all the world:
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be changed: 230
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex: 240
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd and were not made to woo.

[*Exit Demetrius.*

I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well. • [*Exit.*

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows, 250
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine:

There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
 Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
 And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
 Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
 And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
 And make her full of hateful fantasies.
 Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
 A sweet Athenian lady is in love
 With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
 But do it when the next thing he espies
 May be the lady: thou shalt know the man
 By the Athenian garments he hath on.
 Effect it with some care that he may prove
 More fond on her than she upon her love:
 And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

260

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the wood.*

Enter TITANIA, with her train.

Tit. Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
 Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
 Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
 Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,
 To make my small elves coats, and some keep back
 The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders
 At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
 Then to your offices and let me rest.

The Fairies sing.

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
 Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
 Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
 Come not near our fairy queen.
 Philomel, with melody
 Sing in our sweet lullaby;
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:

10

Never harm,
 Nor spell nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh;
 So, good night, with lullaby.
 Weaving spiders, come not here;
 Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
 Beetles black, approach not near;
 Worm nor snail, do no offence.
 Philomel, with melody, &c.

20

A Fairy. Hence, away! now all is well:
 One aloof stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.*]

Enter OBERON, and squeezes the flower on Titania's eyelids.

Obe. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
 Do it for thy true-love take,
 Love and languish for his sake:
 Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
 Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
 In thy eye that shall appear
 When thou wakest, it is thy dear:
 Wake when some vile thing is near.

30

[*Exit.*]

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
 And to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
 We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
 And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed;
 For I upon this bank will rest my head.

40

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
 One heart, one bed, two bosoms and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
 Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!
 Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
 I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit
 So that but one heart we can make of it;

Two bosoms interchain'd with an oath;
So then two bosoms and a single troth. 50
Then by your side no bed-room me deny;
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily:
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty,
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
So far be distant; and, good night, sweet friend: 60
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!
[*They sleep.*]

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence.—Who is here? 70
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.
When thou wakest, let love forbid 80
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:
So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon.
[*Exit.*]

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go. [Exit.

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.

Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies; 90

For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.

How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:

If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;

For beasts that meet me run away for fear:

Therefore no marvel though Demetrius

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.

What wicked and dissembling glass of mine

Made me compare with Hermia's spheny eyne?

But who is here? Lysander! on the ground! 100

Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.

Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. [Awaking.] And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.

Transparent Helena! Nature shows art,

That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word

Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.

What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content. 110

Lys. Content with Hermia! No; I do repent

The tedious minutes I with her have spent.

Not Hermia but Helena I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?

The will of man is by his reason sway'd;

And reason says you are the worthier maid.

Things growing are not ripe until their season :
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason ;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will 120
And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
Love's stories written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born ?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn ?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Démetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency ?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo. 130
But fare you well : perforce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refused,
Should of another therefore be abused ! *[Exit.*

Lys. She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there :
And never mayst thou come Lysander near !
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings,
Or as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive, 140
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me !
And, all my powers, address your love and might
To honour Helen and to be her knight ! *[Exit.*

Her. *[Awaking.]* Help me, Lysander, help me ! do thy
best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast !
Ay me, for pity ! what a dream was here !
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear :
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey. 150
Lysander ! what, removed ? Lysander ! lord !
What, out of hearing ? gone ? no sound, no word ?

Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.
No? then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death or you I'll find immediately.

[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The wood. Titania lying asleep.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and
STARVELING.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place
for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this
hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action
as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What sayest thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus
and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must
draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide.
How answer you that?

11

Snout. By'r lakin, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all
is done.

Bot. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write
me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do
no harm with our swords and that Pyramus is not killed
indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that
I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this
will put them out of fear.

20

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall
be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in—God shield us!—a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to 't. 30

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck: and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—‘Ladies,’—or ‘Fair ladies,—I would wish you,’—or ‘I would request you,’—or ‘I would entreat you,—not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are;’ and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner. 41

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snout. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in at the casement. 51

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk though the chink of a wall.

Snout. You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom? 59

Bot. Some man or other must present Wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake: and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor;
And actor too perhaps, if I see cause. 70

Quin. Speak, Pyramus. Thisby stand forth.

Bot. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—

Quin. Odours, odours.

Bot. odours savours sweet:
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.
But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit.*]

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here. [*Exit.*]

Flu. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

Flu. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue, 82
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. 'Ninus' tomb,' man: why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus enter: your cue is past; it is, 'never tire.' 90

Flu. O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.

Bot. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! Help!

[Exeunt Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.]

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier:
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn, 100
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. *[Exit.]*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afraid.

Re-enter SNOOT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you? *[Exit Snout.]*

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. *[Exit.]*

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. *[Sings.]*

The ousel cock so black of hue, 114

With orange-tawny bill,

The throstle with his note so true,

The wren with little quill,—

Tita. *[Awaking.]* What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

Bot. *[Sings]*

The finch, the sparrow and the lark,

The plain-song cuckoo gray, 120

Whose note full many a man doth mark,

And dares not answer nay;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry 'cuckoo' never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
 Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note;
 So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
 And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me
 On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee. 129

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days; the more the pity that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go:
 Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
 I am a spirit of no common rate: 140
 The summer still doth tend upon my state;
 And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
 I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
 And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
 And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
 And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
 That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
 Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, and MUSTARDSEED.

Peas. Ready.

Cob. And I.

Moth. And I.

Mus. And I.

All. Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman; 150
 Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;
 Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,

With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

160

Peas. Hail, mortal!

Cob. Hail!

Moth. Hail!

Mus. Hail!

Bot. I cry your worships mercy, heartily: I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?

170

Peas. Peaseblossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustardseed.

Bot. Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire your more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.

181

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon methinks looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *Another part of the wood.**Enter OBERON.*

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awaked;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger. How now, mad spirit!
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls, 10
Were met together to rehearse a play
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nolle I fixed on his head:
Anon his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye, 20
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch. 30

I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there :
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania waked and straightway loved an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do ?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side ;
That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed. 40

Enter HERMIA and DEMETRIUS.

Obe. Stand close : this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so ?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide ; but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day 50
As he to me : would he have stolen away
From sleeping Hermia ? I'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bored and that the moon
May through the centre creep and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him ;
So should a murderer look ; so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look, and so should I,
Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty :
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear, 60
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander ? where is he ?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me ?

Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou drivest me past the bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake!
Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,
And hast thou killed him sleeping? O brave touch! 70
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a misprised mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege never to see me more.
And from thy hated presence part I so: 80
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*]

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here therefore for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*]

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue 90
Some true love turn'd and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer,
With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear:
By some illusion see thou bring her here:
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look how I go,
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

100
[Exit.]

Obe. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wakest, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be

110

Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me
That befall preposterously.

120

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:

130

Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgement when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [*Awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect,
divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?

Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

140

That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,

Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow

When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss

This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment:

If you were civil and knew courtesy,

You would not do me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,

But you must join in souls to mock me too?

150

If you were men, as men you are in show,

You would not use a gentle lady so;

To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,

When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.

You both are rivals, and love Hermia;

And now both rivals, to mock Helena:

A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,

To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes

With your derision! none of noble sort

Would so offend a virgin and extort

160

A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;

For you love Hermia; this you know I know:

And here, with all good will, with all my heart,

In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;

And yours of Helena to me bequeath,

Whom I do love and will do till my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone. 170
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Re-enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense. 180
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so? 190

Her. You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three
To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time 200
For parting us,—O, is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

210

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words.
I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.

220

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most, to love unloved?
This you should pity rather than despise.

230

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:

This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled. 240
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But fare ye well: 'tis partly my own fault;
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse:
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.
Helen, I love thee; by my life I do: 251
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come!

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiope!

Dem. No, no; he'll . . .
Seem to break loose; take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent! 261

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this?
Sweet love,—

Lys. Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, sooth; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond, for I perceive
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so. 270

Her. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love!
Am not I Hermia? are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you loved me; yet since night you left me:
Why, then you left me—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest 280
That I do hate thee and love Helena.

Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night
And stolen my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i' faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

Her. Puppet? why so? ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare 290
Between our statures; she hath urged her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst; 300
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,

Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood. 310
He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him;
But he hath chid me hence and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back
And follow you no further: let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone: who is't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius. 320

Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd!
She was a vixen when she went to school;
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. 'Little' again! nothing but 'low' and 'little'!
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious 330
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone: speak not of Helena;
Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend

Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou darest, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow! nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.

[*Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.*]

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you;
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I, 340
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though, to run away. [Exit.]

Her. I am amazed, and know not what to say. [Exit.]

Obe. This is thy negligence, still thou mistakest,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise, 350
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;
And so far am I glad it so did sort
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog as black as Acheron,
And lead these testy rivals so astray
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue, 360
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,

To take from thence all error with his might,
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake all this derision 370
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision,
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger; 380
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all,
That in crossways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport,
And, like a forester, the groves may tread, 390
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit.*]

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town:
Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one. 400

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou
now.

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me, then,
To plainer ground. [*Exit Lysander, as following the voice.*]

Re-enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak again:
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defiled 410
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me and still dares me on:
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. [*Lies down.*] Come, thou gentle
day!

For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*]

Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why comest thou not? 421

Dem. Abide me, if thou darest; for well I wot
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And darest not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?

Puck. Come hither: I am here.

Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this
dear,
If ever I thy face by daylight see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me

To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited. [*Lies down and sleeps.*]

Re-enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night, 431
Abate thy hours! Shine comforts from the east,
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest:
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company.

[*Lies down and sleeps.*]

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:
Cupid is a knavish lad, 440
Thus to make poor females mad.

Re-enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew and torn with briers,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

[*Lies down and sleeps.*]

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound:
I'll apply 450
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.

[*Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eyes.*]

When thou wakest,
Thou takest
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown: 460

Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.
[Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.* LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA,
and HERMIA *lying asleep.*

Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM; PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB,
MOTH, MUSTARDSEED, and other Fairies attending; OBERON
behind unseen.

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peaseblossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where's Mounsieur
Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

9

Bot. Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get you your
weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee
on the top of a thistle; and, good mounsieur, bring me the
honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action,
mounsieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag
break not; I would be loath to have you overflown with a
honey-bag, signior. Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed?

Mus. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neaf, Mounsieur Mustardseed. Pray
you, leave your courtesy, good mounsieur.

Mus. What's your will?

20

Bot. Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's have the tongs and the bones.

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow. 32

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms. Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away. [*Exeunt fairies.*]
So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle 40

Gently entwist; the female ivy so
Enrings the barked fingers of the elm.

O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! [*They sleep.*]

Enter PUCK.

Obe. [*Advancing.*] Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity:
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her and fall out with her;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded 50
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.

When I had at my pleasure taunted her
 And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
 I then did ask of her her changeling child;
 Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
 To bear him to my bower in fairy land.

60

And now I have the boy, I will undo
 This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
 And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
 From off the head of this Athenian swain;
 That, he awaking when the other do,
 May all to Athens back again repair
 And think no more of this night's accidents
 But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
 But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be as thou wast wont to be;

70

See as thou wast wont to see:

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen,

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
 Methought I was enamour'd of an ass!

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?
 O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

Obe. Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head.
 Titania, music call; and strike more dead
 Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

80

Tita. Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep! [*Music, still.*

Puck. Now, when thou wakest, with thine own fool's eyes
 peep.

Obe. Sound, music! Come, my queen, take hands with me,
 And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
 Now thou and I are new in amity
 And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
 Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly
 And bless it to all fair prosperity:

There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity. 90

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark :
I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after night's shade :
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.

Tita. Come, my lord, and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night
That I sleeping here was found 100
With these mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*
[*Horns winded within.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester ;
For now our observation is perform'd ;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley ; let them go :
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester. [*Exit an Attendant.*
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction. 110

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta : never did I hear
Such gallant chiding ; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry : I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew ; 120
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls ;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable

Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
 In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
 Judge when you hear. But, soft! what nymphs are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
 And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
 This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
 I wonder of their being here together. 130

The. No doubt they rose up early to observe
 The rite of May, and, hearing our intent,
 Came here in grace of our solemnity.
 But speak, Egeus; is not this the day
 That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.
[Horn and shouts within. Lysander, Demetrius, Helena, and Hermia, awake and start up.]

Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past:
 Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

The. I pray you all, stand up. 140
 I know you two are rival enemies:
 How comes this gentle concord in the world,
 That hatred is so far from jealousy,
 To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
 Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
 I cannot truly say how I came here;
 But, as I think,—for truly would I speak,
 And now I do bethink me, so it is,—
 I came with Hermia hither: our intent 150
 Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,
 Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
 I beg the law, the law, upon his head.
 They would have stolen away; they would, Demetrius,
 Thereby to have defeated you and me,

You of your wife and me of my consent,
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither to this wood; 160
And I in fury hither follow'd them,
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,—
But by some power it is,—my love to Hermia,
Melted as the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord, 170
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now I do wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by, with us
These couples shall eternally be knit: 180
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purposed hunting shall be set aside.
Away with us to Athens; three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and train.*]

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel, 190
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. Are you sure
That we are awake? It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why, then, we are awake: let's follow him;
And by the way let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*]

Bot. [*Awaking.*] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer: my next is, 'Most fair Pyramus.' Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was,—and methought I had,—but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of the play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Athens.* QUINCE'S *house.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOOT, and STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred: it goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

Flu. No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens. 10

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say 'paragon': a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to

utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go, away!
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Athens. The palace of THESEUS.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true: I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover and the poet
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic, 10
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy; 20
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigured so together,

More witnesseth than fancy's images
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA.

Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us 30
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what masques, what dances shall we
have,
To wear away this long age of three hours
Between our after-supper and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.

Phil. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?
What masque? what music? How shall we beguile 40
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Phil. There is a brief how many sports are ripe:
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[Giving a paper.]

The. *[Reads]* 'The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.'

We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

[Reads] 'The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.'

That is an old device; and it was play'd 50
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

[Reads] 'The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of Learning, late deceased in beggary.'

That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

[*Reads*] 'A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.'

Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!

That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.

How shall we find the concord of this discord? 60

Phil. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted:
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed. 70

The. What are they that do play it?

Phil. Hard-handed men that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now,
And now have toil'd their unbreathed memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Phil. No, my noble lord;
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain, 80
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play;
For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit Philostrate.*]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
 Our sport shall be to take what they mistake: 90
 And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect
 Takes it in might, not merit.
 Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
 To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
 Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
 Make periods in the midst of sentences,
 Throttle their practised accent in their fears
 And in conclusion dumbly have broke off,
 Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
 Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome; . 100
 And in the modesty of fearful duty
 I read as much as from the rattling tongue
 Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
 Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity
 In least speak most, to my capacity.

Re-enter PHILOSTRATE.

Phil. So please your grace, the Prologue is address'd.

The. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets.*]

Enter QUINCE for the Prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
 That you should think, we come not to offend,
 But with good will. To show our simple skill, 110
 That is the true beginning of our end.
 Consider then we come but in despite.

We do not come as minding to content you,
 Our true intent is. All for your delight

We are not here. That you should here repent you,
 The actors are at hand and by their show
 You shall know all that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows
 not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to
 speak, but to speak true. 121

Hip. Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter PYRAMUS and THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, and LION.

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;

But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

This man is Pyramus, if you would know;

This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.

This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present 130

Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;

And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content

To whisper. At the which let no man wonder.

This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,

Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,

By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn

To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,

The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,

Did scare away, or rather did affright; 140

And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,

Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.

Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,

And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:

Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,

He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;

And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,

His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,

Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain

At large discourse, while here they do remain. 150

[Exeunt Prologue, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.]

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. In this same interlude, it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;

And such a wall, as I would have you think,
 That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
 Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
 Did whisper often very secretly.
 This loam, this rough-cast and this stone doth show 160
 That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
 And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
 Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

Enter PYRAMUS.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
 O night, which ever art when day is not!
 O night, O night! alack, alack, alack, 170
 I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!
 And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
 That stand'st between her father's ground and mine!
 Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
 Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne!

[Wall holds up his fingers.]

Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!

But what see I? No Thisby do I see.

O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!

Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again. 181

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. 'Deceiving me' is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBY.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
 For parting my fair Pyramus and me!
 My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,
 Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face. 190
Thisby!

Tbis. My love thou art, my love I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And, like Limander, am I trusty still.

Tbis. And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.

Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

Tbis. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

Pyr. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!

Tbis. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?

Tbis. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay. 201
[*Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe.*]

Wall. Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so:
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go. [Exit.]

Tbe. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to
hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

Tbe. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst
are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

Tbe. If we imagine no worse of them than they of them-
selves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two
noble beasts, in a man and a lion. 213

Enter LION and MOONSHINE.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,

When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam;
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life. 220

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon. 230

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;—

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present; Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lanthorn. How is it else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff. 241

Hip. I am awearry of this moon: would he would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, Moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog. 249

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

Lion. [Roaring] Oh——

[*Thisbe runs off.*]

Dem. Well roared, Lion.

Tbe. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, Moon. Truly the moon shines with
a good grace. [*The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit.*]

Tbe. Well moused, Lion.

Lys. And so the lion vanished.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

260

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.

But stay, O spite!

But mark, poor knight,

What dreadful dole is here!

Eyes, do you see?

How can it be?

O dainty duck! O dear!

270

Thy mantle good,

What, stain'd with blood!

Approach, ye Furies fell!

O Fates, come, come,

Cut thread and thrum;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

Tbe. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would
go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame? 280
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:

Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame

That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd with cheer.

Come, tears, confound;

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus;

Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop:

[*Stabs himself.*]

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead,

290

Now am I fled;

My soul is in the sky:

Tongue, lose thy light;

Moon, take thy flight: [Exit Moonshine.

Now die, die, die, die, die.

[Dies.

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover? 301

The. She will find him by starlight. Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Re-enter THISBE.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better; he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she means, videlicet:—

310

This. Asleep, my love?

What, dead, my dove?

O Pyramus, arise!

Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

Dead, dead? A tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These lily lips,

This cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip cheeks,

Are gone, are gone:

320

Lovers, make moan:

His eyes were green as leeks.

O Sisters Three,

Come, come to me,

With hands as pale as milk;
 Lay them in gore,
 Since you have shore
 With shears his thread of silk.
 Tongue, not a word:
 Come, trusty sword: 330
 Come, blade, my breast imbrue: [*Stabs herself.*
 And, farewell, friends;
 Thus Thisby ends:
 Adieu, adieu, adieu. [*Dies.*

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. [*Starting up.*] No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But, come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone. [*A dance.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:
 Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.

I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn
 As much as we this night have overwatch'd. 350
 This palpable gross play hath well beguiled
 The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
 A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
 In nightly revels and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
 And the wolf howls the moon;
 Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
 All with weary task fordone.
 Now the wasted brands do glow,
 Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud, 360

Puts the wretch that lies in woe
 In remembrance of a shroud.
 Now it is the time of night
 That the graves all gaping wide,
 Every one lets forth his sprite,
 In the church-way paths to glide:
 And we fairies, that do run
 By the triple Hecate's team,
 From the presence of the sun,
 Following darkness like a dream,
 Now are frolic: not a mouse
 Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
 I am sent with broom before,
 To sweep the dust behind the door.

370

Enter OBERON and TITANIA with their train.

Obe. Through the house give glimmering light,
 By the dead and drowsy fire:
 Every elf and fairy sprite
 Hop as light as bird from brier;
 And this ditty, after me,
 Sing, and dance it trippingly.

380

Tita. First, rehearse your song by rote,
 To each word a warbling note:
 Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
 Will we sing, and bless this place. [*Song and dance.*]

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
 Through this house each fairy stray.
 To the best bride-bed will we,
 Which by us shall blessed be;
 And the issue there create
 Ever shall be fortunate.
 So shall all the couples three
 Ever true in loving be;
 And the blots of Nature's hand
 Shall not in their issue stand;
 Never mole, hare lip, nor scar,
 Nor mark prodigious such as are

390

Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace;
And the owner of it blest
Ever shall in safety rest.
Trip away; make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

400

[*Exeunt Oberon, Titania and train.*

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
If you pardon, we will mend:
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call:
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

410

420

[*Exit.*

Clarendon Press Series

TWELFTH NIGHT

W. ALDIS WRIGHT.

London
HENRY FROWDE



OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS WAREHOUSE
AMEN CORNER, E.C.

Clarendon Press Series

SHAKESPEARE

SELECT PLAYS

TWELFTH NIGHT

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

EDITED BY

WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT, M.A.

HON. D.C.L. AND LL.D.

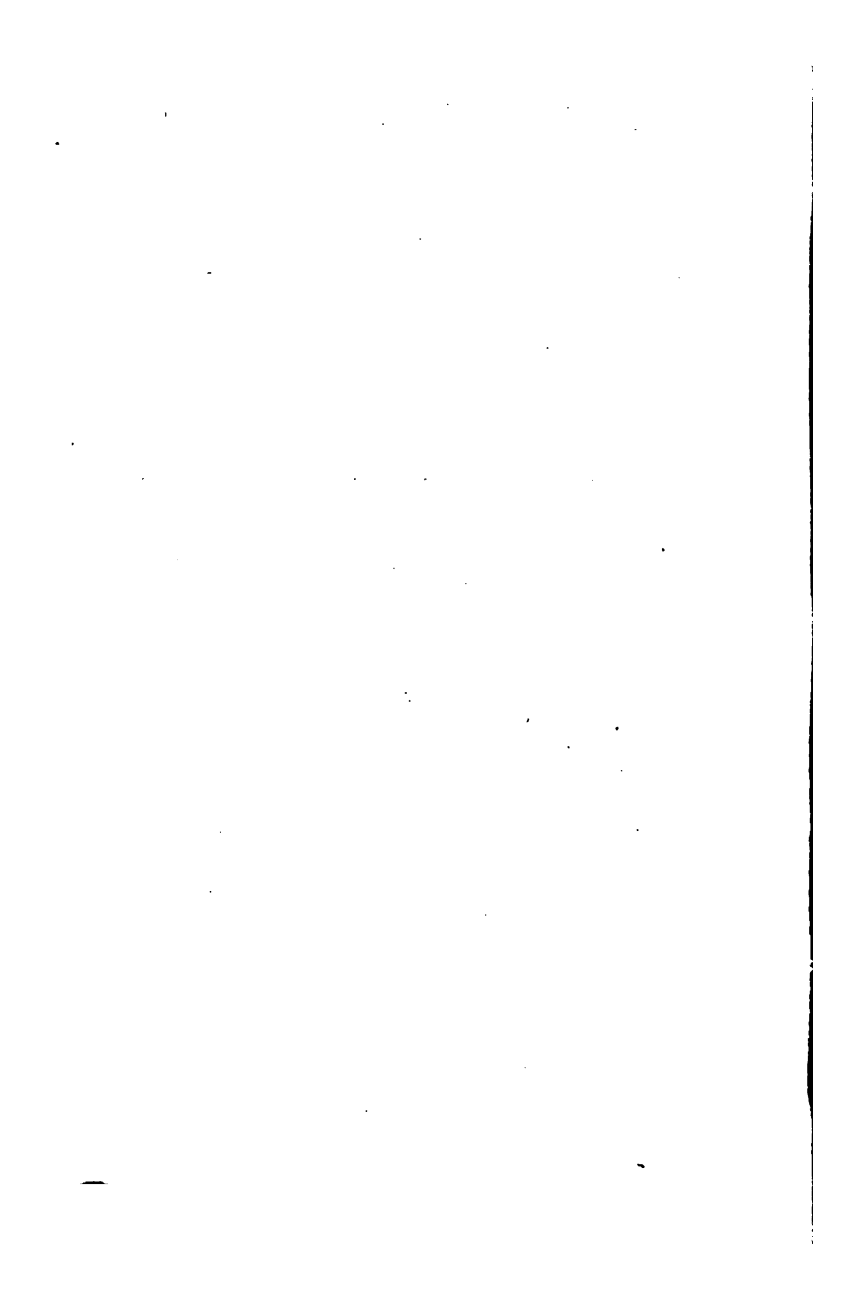
FELLOW AND SENIOR BURSAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

Oxford

AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

M DCCC LXXXVII

[*All rights reserved*]



P R E F A C E.

IT was at one time believed that *Twelfth Night* was among the latest of Shakespeare's plays. The use of the word 'undertaker' in iii. 4. 301 induced Tyrwhitt to suppose that the play was written in 1614, when this word had an unenviable notoriety; and Malone at first adopted Tyrwhitt's opinion, though he afterwards referred the play to an earlier date, 1607, on account of a supposed allusion in iii. 1. 133 to Dekker's *Westward Ho*, which was printed in that year. Chalmers thought that the internal evidence pointed to the year 1613 as the date of the composition of the play. But these various conclusions, which were arrived at from very insufficient premises, were set aside by a discovery made by Mr. Hunter in 1828 of a piece of evidence the existence of which had up to that time been unknown. Among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum is a small duodecimo volume (No. 5353) containing, among other things, the Diary of a member of the Middle Temple from Jan. 1601-2 to April 1603. Mr. Hunter's subsequent investigations led him to identify the writer of the Diary with John Manningham, who was entered at the Middle Temple 16 March 1597-8, and called to the Bar 7 June 1605. In 1612, on the death of a distant relative, Richard Manningham, a retired merchant, he succeeded to an estate at Bradbourne, near East Malling, in Kent, and died in 1622. The Diary was edited for the Camden Society by the late Mr. John Bruce in 1868 at the cost of the President, Mr. (afterwards Sir) William Tite. The only entry which concerns us is the following (p. 18), compared with the original MS. :—

'Febr: 1601.

'2. At our feast wee had a play called Twelue night or what you will. much like the commedy of errores or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian called Inganni a good practise in it to make the steward beleue his Lady widdowe was in Loue with him by counterfayting a letter, as from his Lady, in generall termes, telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling his apparaille &c. And then when he came to practise making him beleue they tooke him to be mad.'

This brief description is quite sufficient to identify the play which was acted in the Middle Temple Hall¹ at the Readers' Feast, Candlemas 1601-2, with the Twelfth Night of Shakespeare, although the young gentleman who is so familiar with his Latin and Italian plays has not troubled himself to record, if he had ever heard it, the name of the author. Collier, in his History of English Dramatic Poetry (i. 327), was the first (1831) to publish this important entry. It does not appear whether he had derived his knowledge of its existence from Mr. Hunter, whose name he does not mention; but it is to Mr. Hunter's investigations that we are indebted for the discovery of the diarist's name, as well as for the identification of the Italian play to which he refers. (See New Illustrations of Shakespeare, i. 365-400.) He shews that the play which Manningham thought so like Twelfth Night was not the Inganni of Secchi (Florence, 1562) or of Gonzaga (Venice, 1592), or still less of Cornaccini (Venice, 1604), although the two former might have suggested some incidents to Shakespeare, if he had seen them; but another comedy altogether, acted at Siena in 1531, and printed at Venice as early as 1537, under the title 'Il Sacrificio degli Intronati.' This consists of an Induction, like The Taming of the Shrew, called Il Sacrificio, and a comedy the title of which is Gl'Ingannati, or

¹ Shakespeare in the Middle Temple is the subject of an agreeable paper by Mr. Ainger in The English Illustrated Magazine for 1884, pp. 366-376.

The Deceived. The following analysis of the story is given in Mr. Hunter's own words:—

‘Fabritio and Lelia, a brother and sister, are separated at the sack of Rome, in 1527. Lelia is carried to Modena where resides Flaminio, to whom she had formerly been attached. Lelia disguises herself as a boy, and enters his service. Flaminio had forgotten Lelia, and was a suitor to Isabella, a Modenese lady. Lelia, in her male attire, is employed in love-embassies from Flaminio to Isabella. Isabella is insensible to the importunities of Flaminio, but conceives a violent passion for Lelia, mistaking her for a man. In the third act Fabritio arrives at Modena, where mistakes arise owing to the close resemblance there is between Fabritio and his sister in her male attire. Ultimately recognitions take place; the affections of Isabella are easily transferred from Lelia to Fabritio, and Flaminio takes to his bosom the affectionate and faithful Lelia.’

Here is undoubtedly the plot of Twelfth Night without the underplot. An abridged translation of *Gl'Ingannati* was published in 1862 by Mr. T. L. Peacock, but he appears to have been ignorant of what Mr. Hunter had written, and does not even mention his name, although he says, ‘It seems strange that the *Inganni* should have remained undiscovered by Shakspearian critics: but the cause which concealed the *Ingannati* from their researches is somewhat curious.’

The story on which *Gl'Ingannati* was founded there can be little doubt was substantially the same as that told by Bandello in his *Novelle*, parte II. nov. 36, of which the argument is as follows: ‘Nicuola, innamorata di Lattanzio, va a servirlo vestita da paggio, e dopo molti casi seco si marita, e ciò che ad un suo fratello avvenne.’ Paolo and Nicuola, brother and sister, were the children of Ambrogio Nanni, a merchant of Rome, and resembled each other so much that when dressed alike it was very difficult to distinguish them. Like Fabritio and Lelia in the play, they were separated when

Rome was taken in 1527 ; and substituting Lattanzio for Flaminio, and Catella for Isabella, the plot of the story in *Bandello* is essentially the same as that of the *Ingannati*.

Before the discovery of *Manningham's Diary* had directed attention to an Italian play as the origin of *Twelfth Night*, it was thought probable that Shakespeare had taken the main outlines of his plot from the story of *Apolonius and Silla*, as told by *Barnabe Riche* in his *Farewell to Militarie Profession*, which was first published in 1581, and reprinted by the Shakespeare Society in 1846. It appears to have been pointed out to *Malone* in 1806 by *Mr. Octavius Gilchrist*. The story by itself was included by *Collier* in his *Shakespeare's Library*, and by *Mr. W. C. Hazlitt* in his second edition of that book. In the original work of *Riche* it stands second among the eight histories with which the book is enlivened, and is one of five which, the author says, 'are tales that are but forged onely for delight, neither credible to be beleved, nor hurtfull to be perused.' He describes the other three as 'Italian histories, written likewise for pleasure by Maister L. B.,' and apparently wishes his readers to infer that the five first mentioned are his own composition and invention. However this may be, although there is a kind of general resemblance in this history to *Bandello's* novel, it is by no means certain that *Riche* copied it. As in the novel and as in *Twelfth Night* there are the brother and sister exactly alike, *Silvio* and *Silla*, children of *Pontus* governor of *Cyprus*. *Apolonius*, a worthy duke of *Constantinople*, is wrecked off the coast of *Cyprus*, where he is entertained by *Pontus* and unconsciously engages the affections of *Silla*, who follows him to *Constantinople* and dressed as a boy is taken into his service. *Apolonius*, making suit to a wealthy widow *Julina*, employs *Silla*, who calls herself by her brother's name *Silvio*, as his messenger. *Julina*, like *Olivia*, falls in love with the pretty page, and bids him speak for himself and no longer for his master. It is needless to say that the real *Silvio*, in search of his sister, appears on the scene, and

Julina's passion, like Olivia's, does not distinguish the real from the counterfeit. After some incidents with which Shakespeare did not think fit to disfigure his play, Silla's constancy is rewarded by the hand of Apolonius, and Julina marries Silvio. Apart from the entanglements brought about by the close resemblance of the brother and sister, and the cross purposes which are the inevitable sequel, the history of Apolonius and Silla has very little in common with the fortunes of Paolo and Nicuola as narrated by Bandello. The incidents and surroundings of the plot are entirely different, although the catastrophe is the same, and it is by no means improbable that the story may have existed in a great variety of forms. With one of these Shakespeare may have been familiar, and it may have suggested to him some points in his play; but whether he became acquainted with the outline of the story in Riche's Farewell or in some version of Bandello's novel, it is clear that he took nothing but the outline, and that all the filling in of the characters is his own.

The plot of *Gl'Inganni*, the play mentioned by Manningham, is not really like that of *Twelfth Night* or Bandello's novel, as may be seen from the argument as given by Collier in his Introduction to the play. And even if there had been a still greater likeness than there really is, the conclusion at which Dyce arrived is probably the true one. 'The resemblance,' he says, 'in certain particulars between these Italian comedies—especially *Gl'Ingannati*—and *Twelfth Night* is, therefore, fully proved: but it by no means follows that the foreign originals were used by Shakespeare; and, indeed, I suspect that his knowledge of Italian was small. Much of the lighter literature of his time,—many a printed tale and many a manuscript play,—has long ago perished; and among them may have been some piece translated or imitated from the Italian, which supplied him with materials for the serious parts of *Twelfth Night*.

But from whatever source Shakespeare derived the general

outline of his play, the principal character in it is unquestionably his own creation. Even supposing, with Hunter, that the name Malvolio is 'a happy adaptation from Malevolti, a character in *Il Sacrificio*,' the likeness ends with the name; and so prominent was the part that Malvolio took in the action of the play that we find it was represented at Court on Candlemas Day 1622-3 by the company to which Shakespeare had belonged, under the title of Malvolio. (See Mr Halliwell [Phillipps]'s folio edition of Shakespeare, and his *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, 1881, p. 149.) Moreover, in the copy of the second Folio now at Windsor Castle, which formerly belonged to Charles the First, the king has written 'Maluolio' against the title of the play, as if that were the name by which it had become familiarly known. The prominence of Malvolio is further confirmed by Leonard Digges in his verses prefixed to the edition of Shakespeare's Poems published in 1640:

'let but *Beatrice*
And *Benedicke* be seene, loe in a'trice
The Cockpit, Galleries, Boxes, all are full
To hear *Malvoglio*, that crosse garter'd Gull.'

It would seem from this, either that Digges had forgotten that Benedick and Beatrice did not appear in the same play as Malvolio, which is scarcely probable, or else that *Much Ado* and *Twelfth Night* had been welded together by some playwright of the time in the same way as Davenant in his *Law against Lovers* framed a strange centaur out of *Measure for Measure* and *Much Ado*. In whatever way this may be explained, it is an evidence of the importance attached to the part of Malvolio and of the place which it held in popular favour, a part so serious that the stately John Kemble thought it no derogation from his dignity occasionally to play it.

When Campbell calls Malvolio an exquisitely vulgar coxcomb, it is difficult to say whether the adjective or substantive in the description is the more inappropriate. On this point

Lamb is a much better authority than Campbell, and this is what he says, writing in 1822, 'On some of the old Actors.'

'The part of Malvolio, in the Twelfth Night, was performed by Bensley, with a richness and a dignity, of which (to judge from some recent castings of that character) the very tradition must be worn out from the stage. . . . Malvolio is not essentially ludicrous. He becomes comic but by accident. He is cold, austere, repelling ; but dignified, consistent, and, for what appears, rather of an over-stretched morality. Maria describes him as a sort of Puritan ; and he might have worn his gold chain with honour in one of our old round-head families, in the service of a Lambert, or a Lady Fairfax. But his morality and his manners are misplaced in Illyria. He is opposed to the proper *levities* of the piece, and falls in the unequal contest. Still his pride, or his gravity, (call it which you will) is inherent, and native to the man, not mock or affected, which latter only are the fit objects to excite laughter. His quality is at the best unlovely, but neither buffoon nor contemptible. His bearing is lofty, a little above his station, but probably not much above his deserts. We see no reason why he should not have been brave, honourable, accomplished. His careless committal of the ring to the ground (which he was commissioned to restore to Cesario), bespeaks a generosity of birth and feeling. His dialect on all occasions is that of a gentleman, and a man of education. We must not confound him with the eternal old, low steward of comedy. He is master of the household to a great Princess ; a dignity conferred upon him for other respects than age or length of service. Olivia, at the first indication of his supposed madness, declares that she "would not have him miscarry for half of her dowry." Does this look as if the character was meant to appear little or insignificant? Once, indeed, she accuses him to his face—of what?—of being "sick of self-love,"—but with a gentleness and considerateness which could not have been, if she had not thought that this particular infirmity shaded some virtues.

His rebuke to the knight, and his sottish revellers, is sensible and spirited ; and when we take into consideration the unprotected condition of his mistress, and the strict regard with which her state of real or dissembled mourning would draw the eyes of the world upon her house-affairs, Malvolio might feel the honour of the family in some sort in his keeping ; as it appears not that Olivia had any more brothers, or kinsmen, to look to it—for Sir Toby had dropped all such nice respects at the buttery hatch. That Malvolio was meant to be represented as possessing estimable qualities, the expression of the Duke in his anxiety to have him reconciled, almost infers. “Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace.” Even in his abused state of chains and darkness, a sort of greatness never seems to desert him. He argues highly and well with the supposed Sir Topas, and philosophises gallantly upon his straw. There must have been some shadow of worth about the man ; he must have been something more than a mere vapour—a thing of straw, or Jack in office—before Fabian and Maria could have ventured to send him upon a courting-errand to Olivia. There was some consonancy (as he would say) in the undertaking, or the jest would have been too bold even for that house of misrule.

‘Bensley, accordingly, threw over the part an air of Spanish loftiness. He looked, spake, and moved like an old Castilian. He was starch, spruce, opinionated, but his superstructure of pride seemed bottomed upon a sense of worth. There was something in it beyond the coxcomb. It was big and swelling, but you could not be sure that it was hollow. You might wish to see it taken down, but you felt that it was upon an elevation. He was magnificent from the outset ; but when the decent sobrieties of the character began to give way, and the poison of self-love, in his conceit of the Countess’s affection, gradually to work, you would have thought that the hero of La Mancha in person stood before you. How he went smiling to himself ! with what ineffable carelessness would he twirl his gold chain ! what a dream it was ! you

were infected with the illusion, and did not wish that it should be removed! you had no room for laughter! if an unseasonable reflection of morality obtruded itself, it was a deep sense of the pitiable infirmity of man's nature, that can lay him open to such frenzies—but in truth you rather admired than pitied the lunacy while it lasted—you felt that an hour of such mistake was worth an age with the eyes open. Who would not wish to live but for a day in the conceit of such a lady's love as Olivia? Why, the Duke would have given his principality but for a quarter of a minute, sleeping or waking, to have been so deluded. The man seemed to tread upon air, to taste manna, to walk with his head in the clouds, to mate Hyperion. O! shake not the castles of his pride—endure yet for a season bright moments of confidence—"stand still, ye watches of the element," that Malvolio may be still in fancy fair Olivia's lord—but fate and retribution say no—I hear the mischievous titter of Maria—the witty taunts of Sir Toby—the still more insupportable triumph of the foolish knight—the counterfeit Sir Topas is unmasked—and "thus the whirligig of time," as the true clown hath it, "brings in his revenges." I confess that I never saw the catastrophe of this character, while Bensley played it, without a kind of tragic interest.'

All this, having eyes, could Charles Lamb see in what Pepys (6 Jan. 1662-3) thought 'but a silly play'; (20 Jan. 1668-9) 'one of the weakest plays' that ever he saw on the stage; and in which (11 Sept. 1661) he 'took no pleasure at all.'

In one point however Pepys was right. He complains that the play was 'not related at all to the name or day,' when he saw it on Twelfth Night, 1662-3. But the fact that it was the custom to play it on Twelfth Night makes it probable that it derived its name from being performed for the first time, as Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps conjectures, on Twelfth Night 1602. He argues that it could not have been written long before the time at which Manningham saw it in the Middle Temple Hall, because the song 'Farewell, dear heart,

since I must needs be gone,' of which fragments are sung in Act ii. Scene 3, first appeared in 1601 in the Booke of Ayres composed by Robert Jones (Outlines, 1881, p. 148). He conjectures that Twelfth Night was one of the four plays which were acted at Whitehall, where the Queen kept her Court at Christmas 1601-2, by the Lord Chamberlain's company to which Shakespeare belonged (Outlines, 4th ed. p. 162). There is no violent improbability in the further supposition that the same company may have been engaged at the Readers' Feast on Candlemas Day following, and that Shakespeare himself may have been one of the actors, and have had his share in the £10 which was paid them for the play. If any argument can be derived from internal evidence, it is rather in favour of Christmas as the time of the first production of Twelfth Night; and Sir Andrew's resolve (i. 3. 122) to stay a month longer, in order to take part in the masques and revels which were coming on, seems to point in this direction. We may therefore conclude, without much misgiving, that the play was performed for the first time early in 1601-2, and probably on Twelfth Night. That Ben Jonson, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, which was played at the Globe by the same company in 1599, ridiculed the conduct of Twelfth Night, as Steevens maintained, is therefore chronologically impossible, and the theory is unsupported by the only passage brought forward in its favour. In Act iii. sc. 1, Mitis is made to say, 'That the argument of his comedy might have been of some other nature, as of a duke to be in love with a countess, and that countess to be in love with the duke's son, and the son to love the lady's waiting-maid; some such cross wooing, with a clown to their serving-man, better than be thus near, and familiarly allied to the time.' It is obvious that nothing but an obstinate determination to maintain a theory at all hazards could have induced Steevens to bring forward this passage as a proof of Ben Jonson's hostility to Shakespeare.

In the Transactions of the New Shakspeare Society for 1877-9 (part ii. pp. 173-5), Mr. Daniel has shewn that

the time of the action of Twelfth Night is limited to three days, with an interval of three days between the first and second of these :

Day 1. Act i. sc. 1-3.

Interval of three days. See i. 4. 3.

Day 2. Act i. sc. 4—Act ii. sc. 3.

Day 3. Act ii. sc. 4—end.

He also points out some inconsistencies in the last act, which may have been due to haste on the part of the author in finishing the play. For instance, in v. 1. 88 Antonio claims that for three months Sebastian had been inseparable from him, and in like manner the Duke says of Viola,

‘Three months this youth hath tended upon me’—

whereas it is evident that Sebastian and Viola had both been rescued from shipwreck at the same time, the time namely at which the play opens, and that between Act i. sc. 4 and the beginning of the play there was an interval of only three days, while the whole action of the play cannot extend over more than six days. It is worth while calling attention to such trifling discrepancies if only because they indicate the rapidity and even haste with which Shakespeare wrote. (See Preface to *As You Like It*, p. vi.)

The late Mr. James Spedding (*Transactions of the New Shakspere Society*, 1877-9, pp. 24, 25) proposed a new division of Twelfth Night into Acts, on the ground that in the present arrangement ‘the effect is materially injured on two occasions by the interposition of them in the wrong place. .

‘At the end of the first Act Malvolio is ordered to run after Cesario with Olivia’s ring; in the second scene of the second Act he has but just overtaken him. “Were you not *even now* (he says) with the Countess Olivia?” “Even now, sir (she answers), on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.” Here therefore the pause is worse than useless. It impedes the action, and turns a light and swift movement into a slow and heavy one.

‘Again, at the end of the third Act Sir Andrew Aguecheek runs after Cesario (who has just left the stage) to beat him; Sir Toby and Fabian following to see the event. At the beginning of the fourth, they are all where they were. Sir Andrew’s valour is still warm; he meets Sebastian, mistakes him for Cesario, and strikes. Here again the pause is not merely unnecessary; it interrupts what was evidently meant for a continuous and rapid action, and so spoils the fun.’

Mr. Spedding therefore proposed the following division :

First Act. i. 1—4.

Second Act. i. 5—ii. 2.

Third Act. ii. 3—iii. 1.

Fourth Act. . iii. 2—iv. 3.

Fifth Act. v.

The second title, *What you Will*, may possibly have been Shakespeare’s expression of indifference when asked what the play should be called.

W. A. W.

2 March 1885.

TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.	FABIAN,	} servants to Olivia.
SEBASTIAN, brother to Viola.	FESTE, a clown,	
ANTONIO, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.	OLIVIA.	
A Sea Captain, friend to Viola.	VIOLA.	
VALENTINE, } gentlemen attending on	MARIA, Olivia's woman.	
CURIO, } the Duke.	Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians and other Attendants.	
SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle to Olivia.	SCENE : <i>A city in Illyria, and the sea-coast near it.</i>	
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.		
MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia.		

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Duke's palace.*

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and other Lords ; Musicians attending.

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on ;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again ! it had a dying fall :
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour ! Enough ; no more :
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love ! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute : so full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke.

What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have :

O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,

Methought she purged the air of pestilence !

20

That instant was I turn'd into a hart ;

And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,

E'er since pursue me.

Enter VALENTINE.

How now ! what news from her ?

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted ;

But from her handmaid do return this answer :

The element itself, till seven years' heat,

Shall not behold her face at ample view ;

But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk

And water once a day her chamber round

With eye-offending brine : all this to season

30

A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh

And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame

To pay this debt of love but to a brother,

How will she love, when the rich golden shaft

Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else

That live in her ; when liver, brain and heart,

These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd

Her sweet perfections with one self king !

Away before me to sweet beds of flowers :

40

} Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The sea-coast.*

Enter VIOLA, a Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this ?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.

Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with you 10
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority, 20
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late; 30
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur,—as, you know,
What great ones do the less will prattle of,—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her

In the protection of his son, her brother,
 Who shortly also died : for whose dear love,
 They say, she hath abjured the company 40
 And sight of men.

Vio. O that I served that lady
 And might not be delivered to the world,
 Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
 What my estate is !

Cap. That were hard to compass ;
 Because she will admit no kind of suit,
 No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain ;
 And though that nature with a beauteous wall
 Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
 I will believe thou hast a mind that suits 50
 With this thy fair and outward character.
 I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
 Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
 For such disguise as haply shall become
 The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke :
 Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him :
 It may be worth thy pains ; for I can sing
 And speak to him in many sorts of music
 That will allow me very worth his service.
 What else may hap to time I will commit ; 60
 Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be :
 When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee : lead me on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. OLIVIA'S house.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the
 death of her brother thus ? I am sure care's an enemy
 to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights : your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order. 9

Sir To. Confine ! I'll confine myself no finer than I am : these clothes are good enough to drink in ; and so be these boots too : an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you : I heard my lady talk of it yesterday ; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek ?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose ? 20

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats : he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so ! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural : for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller ; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave. 31

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they ?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece : I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria : he's a coward and a coystroll that will not drink

to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top.
What, wench! Castiliano vulgo! for here comes Sir Andrew
Agueface. 41

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance. 50

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: 'accost' is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost'?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again. 59

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, 'thought is free': I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest? 71

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends : marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [Exit.

Sir To. O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary : when did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think ; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has : but I am a great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question. 82

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoi, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is 'pourquoi'? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting : O, had I but followed the arts! 89

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question ; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent ; it hangs like flax on a distaff.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby : your niece will not be seen ; or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me : the count himself here hard by woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count : she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit ; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man. 101

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world ; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under

the degree of my betters ; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper. 110

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard. 120

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus! That's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The DUKE'S palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord ; here. 10

Duke. Stand you a while aloof. Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all ; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul :
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her ;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds 20
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then ?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith :
It shall become thee well to act my woes ;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it ;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man : Diana's lip 30
Is not more smooth and rubious ; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. Some four or five attend him ;
All, if you will ; for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best
To woo your lady : [*Aside*] yet, a barful strife ! } 40
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. } [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. OLIVIA'S *house*.*Enter MARIA and CLOWN.*

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse : my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me : he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer : I can tell thee where that saying was born, of ' I fear no colours.'

Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary? 10

Mar. In the wars ; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it ; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent ; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you ?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage ; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then ? 20

Clo. Not so, neither ; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold ; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith ; very apt. Well, go thy way ; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady : make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*]

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling ! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools ; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise

man : for what says Quinapalus ? ' Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.' 33

Enter Lady OLIVIA with MALVOLIO.

God bless thee, lady !

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows ? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool ; I'll no more of you : besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend : for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry : bid the dishonest man mend himself ; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest ; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patched : virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin ; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so ; if it will not, what remedy ? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool ; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you. 49

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree ! Lady, cucullus non facit monachum ; that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it ?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna : good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof. 60

Clo. Good madonna, why mournest thou ?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool. 71

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies. 83

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools! 91

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you ; he speaks nothing but madman : fie on him ! [*Exit Maria.*] Go you, Malvolio : if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home ; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool ; whose skull Jove cram with brains ! for,—here he comes,—one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater.

Enter SIR TOBY.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin ?

Sir To. A gentleman. 110

Oli. A gentleman ! what gentleman ?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle-herring ! How now, sot !

Clo. Good Sir Toby !

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy ?

Sir To. Lechery ! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he ? 119

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not : give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool ?

Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool and a mad man : one draught above heat makes him a fool ; the second mads him ; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz ; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned : go look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna ; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak

with you. I told him you were sick ; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep ; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady ? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. Has been told so ; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you. 141

Oli. What kind o' man is he ?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man ?

Mal. Of very ill manner ; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he ?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy ; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple : 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured and he speaks very shrewishly ; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him. 153

Oli. Let him approach : call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil : come, throw it o'er my face. We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA, and Attendants.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she ?

Oli. Speak to me ; I shall answer for her. Your will ?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty,—
I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her : I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken

great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech. 171

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message. 180

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone: if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue. 190

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter. 199

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exeunt Maria and Attendants.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text? 211

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is't not well done? 221

[*Unveiling.*]

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me? 234

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud ;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you : O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty !

Oli. How does he love me ?

Vio. With adorations, fertile tears, 240
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind ; I cannot love him :
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth ;
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd and valiant ;
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person : but yet I cannot love him ;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame, 250
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense ;
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you ?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house ;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night ;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out 'Olivia !' O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth, 260
But you should pity me !

Oli. You might do much.
What is your parentage ?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord ;
I cannot love him : let him send no more ;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,

To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well :
I thank you for your pains : spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady ; keep your purse :
My master, not myself, lacks recompense. 270
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love ;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt ! Farewell, fair cruelty. [Exit.

Oli. 'What is your parentage ?'
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art ;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon : not too fast : soft, soft !
Unless the master were the man. How now !
Even so quickly may one catch the plague ? 280
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio !

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man : he left this ring behind him,
Would I or not : tell him I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes ; I am not for him :
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow, 290
I'll give him reasons for't : hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [Exit.

Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force : ourselves we do not owe ;
What is decreed must be, and be this so. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The sea-coast.**Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.*

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

Seb. No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned. 20

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her; she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble. 30

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once : my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court : farewell. [*Exit.*]

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court, 40
Else would I very shortly see thee there.
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A street.*

Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir ; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir : you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him : and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so. 10

Vio. She took the ring of me : I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her ; and her will is, it should be so returned : if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye ; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*]

Vio. I left no ring with her : what means this lady ?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her !
She made good view of me ; indeed, so much,
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly.
 She loves me, sure ; the cunning of her passion 20
 Invites me in this churlish messenger.
 None of my lord's ring ! why, he sent her none.
 I am the man : if it be so, as 'tis,
 Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
 Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
 Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
 How easy is it for the proper-false
 In women's waxen hearts to set their forms !
 Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we !
 For such as we are made of, such we be. 30
 How will this fadge ? my master loves her dearly ;
 And I, poor monster, fond as much on him ;
 And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
 What will become of this ? As I am man,
 My state is desperate for my master's love ;
 As I am woman,—now alas the day !—
 What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe !
 O time ! thou must untangle this, not I ;
 It is too hard a knot for me to untie ! } [Exit

SCENE III. OLIVIA'S house.

Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew : not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes ; and 'diluculo surgere,' thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not : but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion : I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early : so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements ?

Sir And. Faith, so they say ; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking. II

Sir To. Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

Enter CLOWN.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of 'we three'?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Picrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it? 24

Clo. I did impetecos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song. 31

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

Clo. [*Sings*]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low: 40

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;

Journeys end in lovers meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith,

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. [*Sings*]

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty, 50
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.
But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse
the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one
weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a
catch. 60

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'

Clo. 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be
constrained in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one
to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins 'Hold thy peace.'

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith. Come, begin. [*Catch sung.*]

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my
lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid
him turn you out of doors, never trust me. 71

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Mal-
volio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men be we.'
Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-
vally. Lady! [*Sings*] 'There dwelt a man in Babylon,
lady, lady!'

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural. 80

Sir To. [*Sings*] 'O, the twelfth day of December,'—

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. 'But I will never die.'

100

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go?'

Clo. 'What an if you do?'

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'

Clo. 'O no, no, no, no, you dare not.'

Sir To. Out o' tune, sir: ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too. 111

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crums. A stoup of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him. 120

Sir To. Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan. 130

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog!

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work. 142

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of

love ; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece : on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands. 150

Sir To. Excellent ! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable ! 159

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you : I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter : observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [Exit.

Sir To. Good night, Penthésiléa.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me : what o' that ?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money. 171

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight : if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack ; 'tis too late to go to bed now : come, knight ; come, knight. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *The DUKE's palace.**Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.*

Duke. Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends.
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night :
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times :
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it? 10

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord ; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit Curio. Music plays.*]

Come hither, boy : if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me ;
For such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune? 20

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throned.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly :
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves :
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is 't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven : let still the woman take
 An elder than herself : so wears she to him, 30
 So sways she level in her husband's heart :
 For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
 Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
 More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
 Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
 Or thy affection cannot hold the bent ;
 For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
 Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are : alas, that they are so ; 40
 To die, even when they to perfection grow !

Re-enter CURIO and CLOWN.

Duke. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
 Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain ;
 The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
 And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
 Do use to chant it : it is silly sooth,
 And dallies with the innocence of love,
 Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir? 49

Duke. Ay ; prithee, sing.

[*Music.*

SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
 And in sad cypress let me be laid ;
 Fly away, fly away, breath ;
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
 O, prepare it !
 My part of death, no one so true
 Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
 On my black coffin let there be strown ; 60
 Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown :
 A thousand thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, O, where
 Sad true lover never find my grave,
 To weep there !

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir ; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or
 another. 71

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee ; and the
 tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind
 is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to
 sea, that their business might be every thing and their
 intent every where ; for that's it that always makes a good
 voyage of nothing. Farewell. [*Exit.*]

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

[*Curio and Attendants retire.*]

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty : 80
 Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
 Prizes not quantity of dirty lands ;
 The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
 Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune ;
 But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
 That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir ?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
 Hath for your love as great a pang of heart 90

As you have for Olivia : you cannot love her ;
You tell her so ; must she not then be answer'd ?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart ; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much ; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt ;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much : make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

100

Vio. Ay, but I know—

Duke. What dost thou know ?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe :
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history ?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love, 110
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek : she pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed ?
We men may say more, swear more : but indeed
Our shows are more than will ; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy ?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house, 120
And all the brothers too : and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady ?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste ; give her this jewel ; say,
My love can give no place, bide no deny. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. OLIVIA'S garden.

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come : if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame ?

Fab. I would exult, man : you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him we'll have the bear again ; and we will fool him black and blue : shall we not, Sir Andrew ?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives. 10

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.

Enter MARIA.

How now, my metal of India !

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree : Malvolio's coming down this walk : he has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour : observe him, for the love of mockery ; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting ! Lie thou there [*throws down a letter*] ; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit.*]

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune ; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me : and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't ? 25

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue !

Fab. O, peace ! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him : how he jets under his advanced plumes !

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue !

Sir To. Peace, I say.

30

Mal. To be Count Malvolio !

Sir To. Ah, rogue !

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace !

Mal. There is example for't ; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel !

Fab. O, peace ! now he's deeply in : look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

41

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye !

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown ; having come from a daybed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,—

Sir To. Fire and brimstone !

Fab. O, peace, peace !

Mal. And then to have the humour of state ; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby,—

51

Sir To. Bolts and shackles !

Fab. O peace, peace, peace ! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him : I frown the while ; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches ; courtesies there to me,—

Sir To. Shall this fellow live ?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

60

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech,'—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

Sir To. Out, scab! 69

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,'—

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. 'One Sir Andrew,'—

Sir And. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[Taking up the letter.]

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him! 79

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's and her T's: why that?

Mal. [Reads] 'To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes':—her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [Reads]

Jove knows I love:

But who?

90

Lips, do not move;

No man must know.

'No man must know.' What follows? the numbers altered!

'No man must know:' if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. [Reads]

I may command where I adore ;
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore :
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle !

100

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.' Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fab. What dish o' poison has she dressed him !

Sir To. And with what wing the staniel checks at it !

Mal. 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me : I serve her ; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity ; there is no obstruction in this : and the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend ? If I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly ! M, O, A, I,—

111

Sir To. O, ay, make up that : he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon 't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M,—Malvolio ; M,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out ? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel ; that suffers under probation : A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.

120

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O !

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I ; this simulation is not as the former : and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft ! here follows prose

128

[Reads] 'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee ; but be not afraid of greatness : some are

born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

143

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.'

Daylight and champaign discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.

[*Reads*] 'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.'

161

Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me.

[*Exit.*]

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

170

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

180

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. OLIVIA'S garden.

Enter VIOLA, and CLOWN with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church. 10

Clo. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them. 20

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool? 30

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool

should be as oft with your master as with my mistress : I think I saw your wisdom there. 40

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one ; [*Aside*] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus. 51

Vio. I understand you, sir ; 'tis well begged.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar : Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come ; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say 'element,' but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*]

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool ;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit :
He must observe their mood on whom he jests, 60
The quality of persons, and the time,
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art :
For folly that he wisely shows is fit ;
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY, and SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi ; votre serviteur. 70

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are ; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented. 81

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier: 'Rain odours'; well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. 'Odours,' 'pregnant' and 'vouchsafed': I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.*] Give me your hand, sir. 92

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment: You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours: Your servant's servant is your servant, madam. 100

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts, Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you,

I bade you never speak again of him :
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here, 110
A ring in chase of you : so did I abuse
Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you :
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours : what might you think ?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think ? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown : a cypress, not a bosom,
Hideth my heart. So, let me hear you speak. 120

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise ; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud !
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf ! [*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you :
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest, 130
Your wife is like to reap a proper man :
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-ho !
Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship !
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me ?

Oli. Stay :
I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be! 140

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am?

I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidhood, honour, truth and every thing,

I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide. 150

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;

But rather reason thus with reason fetter,

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,

And that no woman has; nor never none.

Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

And so adieu, good madam; never more

Will I my master's tears to you deplore. 160

Oli. Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. OLIVIA'S house.

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to
the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me;
I saw 't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you. 11

Sir And. 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgement and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double guilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy. 27

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him? 38

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many

lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down : go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter : about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the cubiculo : go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*]

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so. 51

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him : but you'll not deliver 't?

Sir To. Never trust me, then ; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty. 63

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado ; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered? 68

Mar. Most villanously ; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him : he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies : you have not seen such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear

hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him : if she do, he'll smile and take 't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A street.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you ;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you : my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth ;
And not all love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skillless in these parts ; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable : my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

10

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
†And thanks ; and ever oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay :
But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do
Shall we go see the reliques of this town ?

Ant. To-morrow, sir : best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night :
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

21

Ant. Would you'd pardon me ;
I do not without danger walk these streets :
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys
I did some service ; of such note indeed,

That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature ; 30
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them ; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did : only myself stood out ;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge : I will bespeak our diet, 40
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge.
With viewing of the town : there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse ?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase ; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
For an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.

Seb. I do remember. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. OLIVIA'S garden.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him : he says he'll come ;
How shall I feast him ? what bestow of him ?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.
Where is Malvolio ? he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes :
Where is Malvolio ?

Mar. He's coming, madam ; but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave? 10

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile : your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come ; for, sure, the man is tainted in 's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither. [*Exit Maria.*] I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, 'ho.

Oli. Smilest thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion. 19

Mal. Sad, lady! I could be sad : this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering ; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, 'Please one, and please all.'

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed : I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio? 29

Mal. To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request! yes ; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. 'Be not afraid of greatness': 'twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. 'Some are born great,'—

Oli. Ha!

40

Mal. 'Some achieve greatness,'—

Oli. What sayest thou?

Mal. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,'—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings!

Mal. 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'

Oli. Cross-gartered!

Mal. 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so';—

Oli. Am I made?

51

Mal. 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

60

[*Exeunt Olivia and Maria.*]

Mal. O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she; 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity'; and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to': fellow! not

Malvolio, not after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked. 78

Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is. How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so? 89

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him: let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress! 100

Mar. O Lord!

Sir To. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. 'What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!

111

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter.

[Exit.]

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

121

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

134

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads*] 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.' 141

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. [*Reads*] 'Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.'

Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. [*Reads*] 'Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.' 150

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

Sir To. [*Reads*] 'I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,'—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. [*Reads*] 'Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.'

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. [*Reads*] 'Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,' 161

ANDREW AGUECHEEK.'

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-bailly: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass off that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away! 173

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the

behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding ; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less : therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth : he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth ; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour ; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices. 186

Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece : give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. 190

[Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.]

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too uncharly out :
There's something in me that reproves my fault ;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears
Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture ;
Refuse it not ; it hath no tongue to vex you ;
And I beseech you come again to-morrow. 200
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honour saved may upon asking give ?

Vio. Nothing but this ; your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you ?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow : fare thee well :
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter SIR TOBY and FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

209

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill and wrath can furnish man withal.

222

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; give't or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

233

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

240

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my

offence to him is : it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [Exit.

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement ; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he? 250

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't : I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight : I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [Exeunt.

Re-enter SIR TOBY, with SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil ; I have not seen such a frigo. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable ; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy. 265

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified : Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet. 272

Sir To. I'll make the motion : stand here, make a good show on't : this shall end without the perdition of souls. [Aside] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.

[*To Fab.*] I have his horse to take up the quarrel : I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him ; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels. 279

Sir To. [*To Vio.*] There's no remedy, sir ; he will fight with you for's oath sake : marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of : therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow ; he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. [*Aside*] Pray God defend me ! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy ; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you ; he cannot by the duello avoid it : but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on ; to't. 292

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath !

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

[*They draw.*]

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me : If you offend him, I for him defy you.

Sir To. You, sir ! why, what are you ?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will. 300

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

[*They draw.*]

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold ! here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir ; and, for that I promised

you, I'll be as good as my word : he will bear you easily and reins well.

First Off. This is the man ; do thy office.

Sec. Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino. 310

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

First Off. No, sir, no jot ; I know your favour well, Though now you have no sea-cap on your head. Take him away : he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. [*To Vio.*] This comes with seeking you :

But there's no remedy ; I shall answer it.

What will you do, now my necessity

Makes me to ask you for my purse ? It grieves me

Much more for what I cannot do for you

Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed ; 320

But be of comfort.

Sec. Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir ?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,

And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,

Out of my lean and low ability

I'll lend you something : my having is not much ;

I'll make division of my present with you :

Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now ?

Is't possible that my deserts to you 331

Can lack persuasion ? Do not tempt my misery,

Lest that it make me so unsound a man

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none ;

Nor know I you by voice or any feature :

I hate ingratitude more in a man

Than lying vainness, babbling drunkenness,

Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves ! 340

Sec. Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see
here

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death,
Relieved him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

First Off. What's that to us? The time goes by : away!

Ant. But O how vile an idol proves this god!
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind ; 350
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind :
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

First Off. The man grows mad : away with him ! Come,
come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [Exit with Officers.

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself : so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you ! 359

Sir To. Come hither, knight ; come hither, Fabian :
we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He named Sebastian : I my brother know
Yet living in my glass ; even such and so
In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate : O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love. [Exit.

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward
than a hare : his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend
here in necessity and denying him ; and for his cowardship,
ask Fabian. 371

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.

Sir To. Do ; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,—

[*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before OLIVIA'S house.*

Enter SEBASTIAN and CLOWN.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow :
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you ; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her ; nor your name is not Master Cesario ; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

Seb. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else :
Thou know'st not me.

10

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady : shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me :
There's money for thee : if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

19

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise

men that give fools money get themselves a good report, after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there. Are all the people mad?

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [Exit.

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold. 31

Sir And. Nay, let him alone: I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword. 41

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life I charge thee, hold!

Sir To. Madam!

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves, Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight! Be not offended, dear Cesario. Rudesby, be gone!

[Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

I prithee, gentle friend, 50

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this : thou shalt not choose but go :
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream : 60
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep ;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep !

Oli. Nay, come, I prithee ; would thou 'ldst be ruled
by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. OLIVIA'S house.

Enter MARIA and CLOWN.

Mar. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard ;
make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate : do it
quickly ; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't ;
and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such
a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well,
nor lean enough to be thought a good student ; but to be
said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly
as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The com-
petitors enter. 10

Enter SIR TOBY and MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master Parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby : for, as the old hermit of
Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to
a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is is ;' so I, being

master Parson, am master Parson ; for, what is 'that' but 'that,' and 'is' but 'is'?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well ; a good knave.

Mal. [*Within*] Who calls there? 20

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend ! how vexest thou this man ! talkest thou nothing but of ladies ?

Sir To. Well said, master Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged : good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad : they have laid me here in hideous darkness. 30

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan ! I call thee by the most modest terms ; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy : sayest thou that house is dark ?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clearstories toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony ; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas : I say to you, this house is dark. 40

Clo. Madman, thou errest : I say, there is no darkness but ignorance ; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell ; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are : make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl ?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird. 51

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas! 60

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the up-shot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.*]

Clo. [*Singing*] 'Hey, Robin, jolly Robin, 70
Tell me how thy lady does.'

Mal. Fool!

Clo. 'My lady is unkind, perdy.'

Mal. Fool!

Clo. 'Alas, why is she so?'

Mal. Fool, I say!

Clo. 'She loves another'—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't. 80

Clo. Master Malvolio?

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused :
I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no
better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me ; keep me in dark-
ness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face
me out of my wits. 90

Clo. Advise you what you say ; the minister is here.
Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore ! endeavour
thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas !

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who,
I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. Marry,
amen. I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say !

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am
shent for speaking to you. 100

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper :
I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day that you were, sir !

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper
and light ; and convey what I will set down to my lady : it
shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter
did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not
mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not ; I tell thee true. 110

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his
brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree : I pri-
thee, be gone.

Clo. [*Singing*] I am gone, sir,

And anon, sir,

I'll be with you again,

In a trice,

Like to the old Vice,

Your need to sustain ;

Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil :
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad ;
Adieu, goodman devil.

[Exit.]

SCENE III. OLIVIA'S garden.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air ; that is the glorious sun ;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't ;
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then ?
I could not find him at the Elephant :
Yet there he was ; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service ;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness, 10
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad ; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet and stable bearing
As I perceive she does : there's something in't 20
That is deceiveable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by : there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,

Plight me the full assurance of your faith ;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep 30
According to my birth. What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you ;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father ; and heavens
so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine ! *[Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before OLIVIA'S house.*

Enter CLOWN and FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire
my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends ?

Clo. Ay, sir ; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well : how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for
my friends. 11

Duke. Just the contrary ; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be ?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me ; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass : so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused : so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes. 20

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no ; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me.: there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer : there's another. 31

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play ; and the old saying is, the third pays for all : the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure ; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind ; one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw : if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further. 39

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir ; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness : but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [Exit.]

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter ANTONIO and Officers.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well ;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war :
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,

For shallow draught and bulk unprizable ;
With which such scathful grapple did he make 50
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

First Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phoenix and her fraught from Candy ;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg :
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side ; 60
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me :
I know not what 'twas but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate ! thou salt-water thief !
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies ?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me :
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither : 70
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem ; a wreck past hope he was :
His life I gave him and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication ; for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town ;
Drew to defend him when he was beset :
Where being apprehended, his false cunning, 80
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing
While one would wink ; denied me mine own purse,

Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company. 90

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks
on earth.

But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam!

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me. 101

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do? 109

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy
That sometime savours nobly. But hear me this:

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still ;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly, 120
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me ; my thoughts are ripe in mischief :
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Oli. Where goes Cesario ?

Vio. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife. 130
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love ?

Oli. Ay me, detested ! how am I beguiled !

Vio. Who does beguile you ? who does do you wrong ?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself ? is it so long ?

Call forth the holy father.

Duke. Come, away !

Oli. Whither, my lord ? Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband !

Oli. Ay, husband : can he that deny ?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah !

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear 140
That makes thee strangle thy propriety :
Fear not, Cesario ; take thy fortunes up ;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O, welcome, father !

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
 Here to unfold, though lately we intended
 To keep in darkness what occasion now
 Reveals before 'tis ripe, what thou dost know.
 Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love, 150
 Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
 Attested by the holy close of lips,
 Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
 And all the ceremony of this compact
 Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
 Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
 I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
 When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
 Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow, 160
 That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
 Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
 Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest—

Oli. O, do not swear!
 Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one
 presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across and has given
 Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your
 help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home. 171

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took
 him for a coward, but he's the very devil incarnadinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. 'Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my
 head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't
 by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you :
You drew your sword upon me without cause ; 180
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt
me : I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter SIR TOBY and CLOWN.

Here comes Sir Toby halting ; you shall hear more : but if
he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other-
gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman ! how is't with you ?

Sir To. That's all one : has hurt me, and there's the
end on't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot ?

Clo. O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago ; his eyes
were set at eight i' the morning. 191

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a passy measures pavin :
I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him ! Who hath made this havoc with
them ?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be
dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help ? an ass-head and a coxcomb and
a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull !

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to. 200

[Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.]

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman ;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you :
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows.
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons ;
A natural perspective, that is and is not !

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio! 210
How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee!

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister, 220
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate. 230
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say 'Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!'

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years. 240

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance

Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola : which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds ; by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord. 250

Seb. [*To Olivia*] So comes it, lady, you have been mis-
took :

But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid ;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amazed ; right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
[*To Viola*] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me. 260

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear ;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand ;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments : he upon some action
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him : fetch Malvolio hither :
And yet, alas, now I remember me, 271
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter CLOWN with a letter, and FABIAN.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
How does he, sirrah ?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end

as well as a man in his case may do : has here writ a letter to you ; I should have given 't you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered. 280

Oli. Open 't, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. [*Reads*] 'By the Lord, madam,'—

Oli. How now ! art thou mad ?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness : an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow Vox.

Oli. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna ; but to read his right wits is to read thus : therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [*To Fabian.*

Fab. [*Reads*] 'By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it : though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on ; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of and speak out of my injury.

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.'

Oli. Did he write this? 300

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian ; bring him hither.

[*Exit Fabian.*

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.
[*To Viola*] Your master quits you ; and for your service
done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex,

So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister! you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same.

How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand:

Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase; 320

Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention:

You can say none of this: well, grant it then,

And tell me, in the modesty of honour,

Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,

Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,

To put on yellow stockings and to frown

Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;

And, acting this in an obedient hope,

Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,

Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest, 330

And made the most notorious geck and gull

That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,

Though, I confess, much like the character:

But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.

And now I do bethink me, it was she

First told me thou wast mad; then camest in smiling,

And in such forms which here were presupposed

Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:

This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee; 340

But when we know the grounds and authors of it,

Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him: Maria writ 350
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness,
and some have greatness thrown upon them.' I was one,
sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one.
'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.' But do you remember?
'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you
smile not, he's gagged:' and thus the whirligig of time
brings in his revenges. 364

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made 370
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt all, except Clown.*